September 28: Chicago—20,000 Words on the Making of a Pig, 1968: Corruption at the Convention; Tear Gas in the Pump Room! Power in the Streets; Also: Andy Kopkind from Prague; Teenie Militarists 75¢

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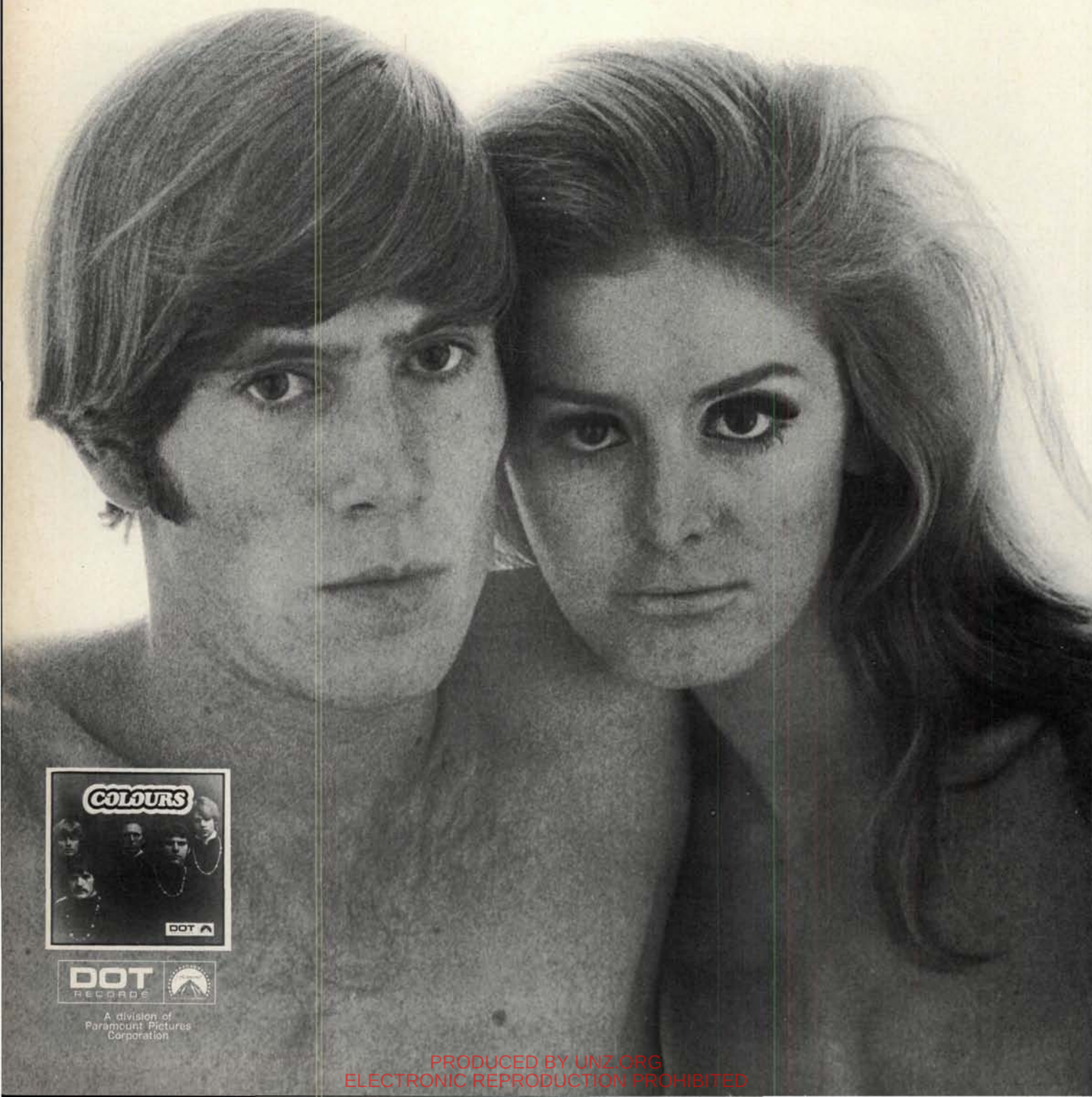

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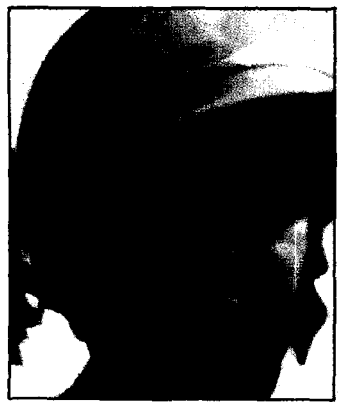
Leading Articles:

[Page 11] Baltimore Four

[Page 17] Gothic Art



[Page 19] Chicago

[Page 43] Teenie Militarists

Apologia:

A LITTLE MICROPHONE can be a dangerous thing, particularly in the hands of a man who is driving an airliner.

The gabble that pilots spew out to their captive audiences over the one-channel broadcasting system aboard "cartridges of death," as the late Lucius Beebe sensibly called modern jet liners, is as inevitable and irritating as diaper rash, and ranks only with urinalysis reports and canon law for listenability.

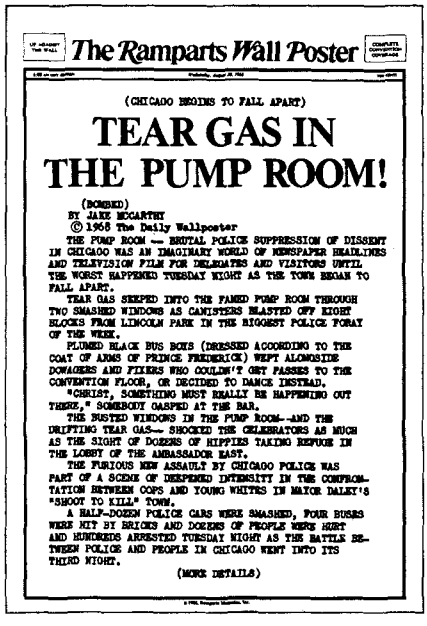
Nevertheless there are exceptions: "Well, folks, I am afraid we will have to hold over Dodge City for about 35 minutes because of a sudden influx of military aircraft into Chicago to protect the Democrats."

We must confess an evil chuckle at that news, which was delivered dispassionately over the blower of our plane en route from San Francisco to Chicago at the start of The Week That Was in that city, which due to recent events has earned a place on the list of desirable atom test sites.

The pilot was back on the air in a half-hour:

"Folks, I am normally kind of a law-abiding guy, but this is something else today. We have been advised by Air Traffic Control that 45 military troop transports have been unexpectedly brought into the Chicago area. We had no previous knowledge of such military flights. Air Traffic Control tells us. they knew nothing about it. You folks fly your planes and buy your tickets and don't know anything about this. I think this is worth a note to your congressman."

The bizarre aspects of a disaster often serve to make it seem believable, and the high dudgeon of the airline professional at the interference with his work by state fascism brought home—far more chillingly than would the most outraged liberal protestations—the decline-and-fall reality of the frightened Democrats having to make Chicago into a Maginot Line before they could assemble their closed-door Convention.



The Ramparts Wall Poster

(CHICAGO BEGINS TO FALL APART)

TEAR GAS IN THE PUMP ROOM!

(BOMBED)
BY JAKE MCCARTHY
© 1968 The Daily Wallposter

THE PUMP ROOM — BRUTAL POLICE SUPPRESSION OF DISSENT IN CHICAGO WAS AN IMAGINARY WORLD OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES AND TELEVISION FILM FOR DELEGATES AND VISITORS UNTIL THE WORST HAPPENED TUESDAY NIGHT AS THE TOWN BEGAN TO FALL APART.

TEAR GAS SEEPED INTO THE FAMED PUMP ROOM THROUGH TWO SMASHED WINDOWS AS CANISTERS BLASTED OFF EIGHT BLOCKS FROM LINCOLN PARK IN THE BIGGEST POLICE FORAY OF THE WEEK.

PLUMED BLACK BUS BOYS (DRESSED ACCORDING TO THE COAT OF ARMS OF PRINCE FREDERICK) WEPT ALONGSIDE DOWAGERS AND FIXERS WHO COULDN'T GET PASSES TO THE CONVENTION FLOOR, OR DECIDED TO DANCE INSTEAD.

"CHRIST, SOMETHING MUST REALLY BE HAPPENING OUT THERE," SOMEBODY GASPED AT THE BAR.

THE BUSTED WINDOWS IN THE PUMP ROOM—AND THE DRIFTING TEAR GAS— SHOCKED THE CELEBRATORS AS MUCH AS THE SIGHT OF DOZENS OF HIPPIES TAKING REFUGE IN THE LOBBY OF THE AMBASSADOR EAST.

THE FURIOUS MEN ASSAULT BY CHICAGO POLICE WAS PART OF A SCENE OF DEEPENED INTENSITY IN THE CONFRONTATION BETWEEN COPS AND YOUNG WHITES IN MAYOR DALEY'S "SHOOT TO KILL" TOWN.

A HALF-DOZEN POLICE CARS WERE SMASHED, FOUR BUSES WERE HIT BY BRICKS AND DOZENS OF PEOPLE WERE HURT AND HUNDREDS ARRESTED TUESDAY NIGHT AS THE BATTLE BETWEEN POLICE AND PEOPLE IN CHICAGO WENT INTO ITS THIRD NIGHT.

(MORE DETAILS)

Having been exposed to the dirty underbelly of the police state side of America's split psyche too many times—from Selma to Oakland—we weren't particularly shocked at seeing troops quartered in Chicago. But the lumps on the head which many hard-nosed liberal delegates took from expecting the cops to be reasonable were no doubt a valuable educational and political experience for them.

We were shocked by the incredible smell in the lobby of the Democrats' headquarters hotel, the monolithic Conrad Hilton. The residue of a stink bomb that some enterprising demonstrator had let go in the hotel's air-conditioning system left the eating and sleeping quarters of the party in power smelling like the rear end of a lion's cage.

The fact that the delegates, office holders and party hacks continued to do business as usual in an environment that would not be acceptable in a public toilet diminished them all on a human scale—a condition of which they were vaguely aware but, all the more degrading, they were helpless to correct.

Though everyone pretended not to notice the smell, it was like pretending that you hadn't really stepped in dog shit. The war party had to conduct its social intercourse in stench, and the symbolic aspects of that condition could fail to be clear only to those with stopped-up noses.

RAMPARTS' exhaustive Chicago cover story was written by a team of callus-fingered editors over Labor Day weekend in New York and covered in Chicago by a 15-man and woman team which, in addition to our regular paratroopers, included the terrible duo of Sidney Schanberg and Sidney Zion of The New York Times, that paper's Albany bureau chief and legal correspondent, respectively, and Jake McCarthy, editor of the Missouri Teamster, which is that rarest of publications—a liberal and intelligent labor paper.

To break the tedium in Chicago, we also published a daily Wall Poster (see cut), and discovered a two-man team bugging our makeshift city room in the Ambassador Hotel West with old-fashioned tape-recording equipment.

The Ambassador management took the revelation of the routine of this scandalous eavesdropping set-up with astonishing quietude, an attitude we record here as a public service so that future guests may be forewarned.

—W.H.

[A Special Report]

PART ONE
From Protest to Resistance:
Prague Under Red Guns
by Andrew Kopkind *Page 4*

PART TWO
Testament of a Prague Radical
by Jan Kavan *Page 53*

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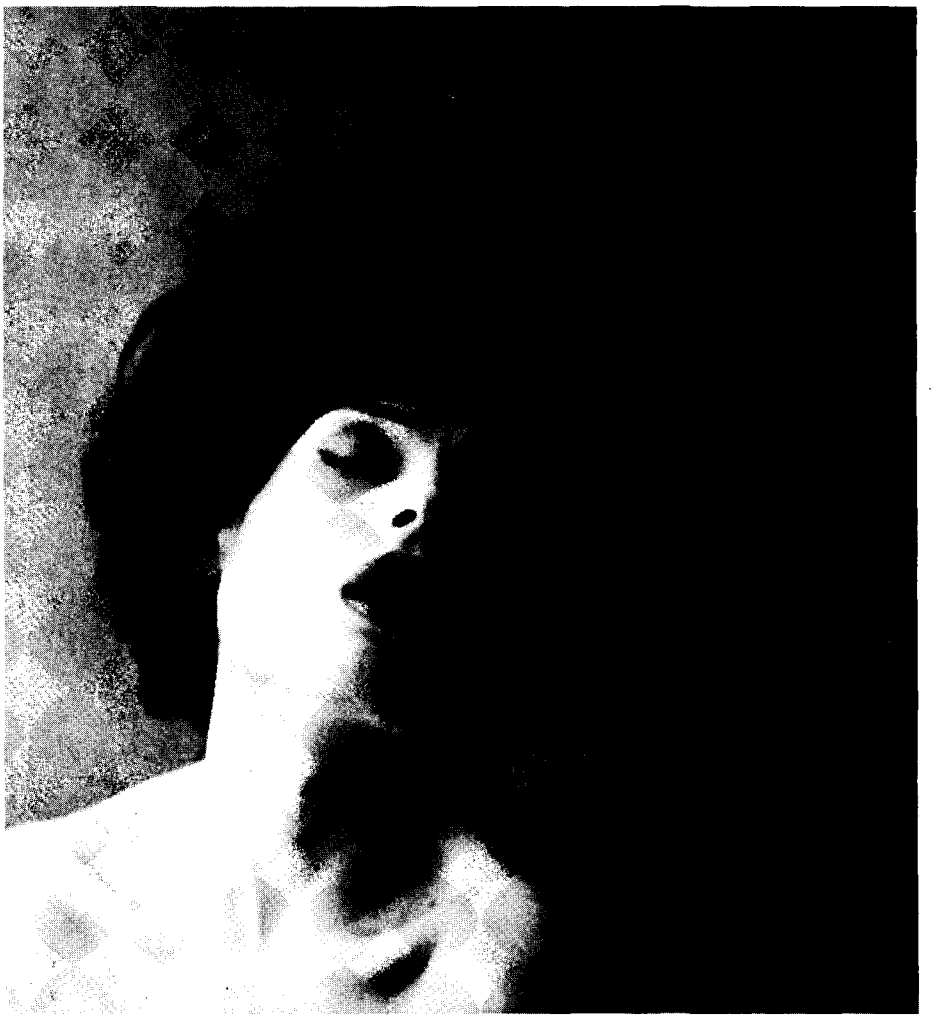

Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a carnival of the senses? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First of all, there's **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy. No other magazine pursues a policy of such *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). America's writers, artists, and photographers appreciate this and bring to **Avant-Garde** the works they know other publications lack the courage to print. Thus **Avant-Garde** serves—consistently—as a showcase for the novella that is "too daring," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the National Liberation Front of American arts and letters.

Second, **Avant-Garde** devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, **Avant-Garde**'s Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

Third, **Avant-Garde** is distinguished by the awesome talent of its contributors. No other magazine can boast such an impressive roster of artists, writers, and photographers. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Dali, Avedon, Miller, Mailer, Ginsberg, Tynan, Roald Dahl, Rexroth, Updike, David Levine, Leonard Baskin, Bert Stern, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of *tomorrow*.

In short, **Avant-Garde** is a magazine prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It's the banner of the enlightened minority.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** are not cheap. They can't be. **Avant-Garde** is extremely costly to produce. It is printed by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. It more closely resembles an expensive art folio than a magazine. Ordinarily, subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** sell for $10 per year.

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[Czechoslovakia: A Two-Part Special Report]

Part One

From Protest to Resistance: Prague Under Red Guns

—Prague, August 28

YESTERDAY, IN Wenceslaus Square, a tall student stood at the base of the statue of Czechoslovakia's patron saint/king/national hero and watched the disorganized groups of people wandering, talking, reading posters. A group of *huligani* (the local combination hippie-activists) was trying to stir up a teenage following. Wenceslaus' statue was plastered with posters; the uppermost one read: "Kids, be affectionate in front of the Russian soldiers and drive them crazy." On the pavement in front of the monument was a chalk-marked square where the first martyr of the resistance—a fourteen-year-old boy—had been killed by the Russians.

WITHIN 48 HOURS of the Czech leaders' return to Prague from Moscow, the magnitude of the disaster negotiated by Czech leaders became apparent. A large student demonstration was canceled when Premier Cernik went on the radio and—sounding a little like Mayor Daley—called for Law and Order. He openly lied about the degree of Russian control, which seems likely to be extensive. In the prestigious and highly politicized Academy of Sciences, for example, the negotiations for control were held with Russian troops present. Leaders of the Academy refused Russian demands that guards be stationed within the building and that restrictions be placed on foreigners entering. The object of these demands is obviously to crush the Academy; they will probably succeed.

The parallel with the 1939 German invasion is obvious, but the startling dissimilarity is the spirit of the Czechs in the face of the Russian occupation, in contrast to their docility under the Germans. The trauma of the invasion has produced a kind of national unity and determination that in its most hopeful aspect could be the beginning of a strong resistance. Clearly, this surprised the Russians—but as anyone here will admit, it surprised Czechs more. Until now, balls have not exactly been the national emblem of Czechoslovakia.

The Czechs wisely disobeyed their government's suggestion to stay indoors and refrain from "active" confrontation with the invaders, though First Secretary Dubcek's call for "passive resistance" has been eagerly accepted. The Russians, it seems, expected some local support, if not an enthusiastic welcome; instead, they found only hostility. Under the invaders' noses and gun barrels, Czech flags fly from every staff, and banners and pictures of the national leaders are everywhere. "Ivan go home" (in English and Czech) is scrawled on buildings, and makeshift signs point northeast to indicate "Moscow—2150 kilometers." Almost everyone on the street wears a tricolored ribbon, a cut-out photograph of Svoboda or Dubcek or a card proclaiming "Czech neutrality." The unwelcome tank drivers simply watch, and do nothing.

WHATEVER THEIR SOURCE of inspiration may have been, the Czechs met their Russian occupants (as they call them) with ingenuity, bravery and a curious sense of humor. News broadcasts on the clandestine radio stations are interspersed with jokes and funny stories about the occupation, and in the underground newspapers there are collections of cartoons and magazine parodies. The popular sports daily, produced in its traditional form, has become a resistance sheet with mock scores of mock games and captions in sports jargon under photos of occupation scenes.

At nine o'clock every morning the entire country observes a brief "General Strike" which consists primarily of the production of a great deal of noise. In Prague, people line the streets and blow whistles, cars stop and drivers lean on their horns, church bells ring and fire sirens blare. While the Russian soldiers sit impassively in their tanks, the people laugh and clap their hands. It is a peculiar struggle. A young Czech artist said to me, "We are fighting half a million troops with 15 minutes of noise."

There are other tricks in the Czech bag. All road and street signs were painted over within a few hours of the invasion, and the armies were appropri-

by Andrew Kopkind

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Portrait by Mary Ellen Mark of Czech student leader Jan Kavan, the author of Part Two (page 53)

ately confused. Outside Prague, an entire tank column went round and round in an area of 20 square miles for six hours until the commanders were able to find their way into the city. In the square in front of Prague Castle, armored trucks and tanks spent an hour trying to get proper directions to the Army barracks half a block away. When Russian secret police began to round up "liberal" activists, the underground radio sent out an appeal to citizens to tear the numbers off their doors; within 20 minutes, every house in Prague was de-numbered.

The clandestine news services were the major organizers of the first week's resistance. Television programs suddenly appeared on channels that were normally empty. The programs originated from secret studios, and the location and transmission channel changed every 15 minutes.

Mobile radio units moved from quarter to quarter to avoid detection. On the first day of the occupation, radio announcers told the Czechs how to stop trains carrying Russian equipment. Instructions were broadcast to destroy all maps, to transfer provisions from food shops to shoe stores (to evade Russian requisitions), and to ignore the occupiers. At least as far as anyone can see, the orders were universally obeyed. One morning there was a rumor that a man who was seen giving bread and sausages to Russian soldiers on the Charles III Bridge had been surrounded by angry citizens and hurled into the Moldau River; it may be an apocryphal story, but it is a parable that everyone believes. Russian troops have to drink from the river because the Czechs deny them water, and the invading armies' food supplies are dwindling.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE NOT RESPONDED to Czech practical/political joking with the same good humor in which it is extended. In the Great Power bully contest, the Russians are making an ambitious effort for the prize. In the first few days, the soldiers killed a hundred or more Praguers, almost entirely at random. Machine guns shot up the facade of the National Museum for the fun of seeing the plaster fly. At night the soldiers shoot tracers and live bullets into the air for 15 minutes at a time, just to see the pretty patterns; every once in a while the bullets hit a hospital or school.

One evening on a small street near Prague Castle, Russian soldiers came upon an elderly couple who were sitting on a garden bench; the soldiers stuck guns into their necks, marched them down the road to an empty newspaper kiosk, and made them remove the posters and signs from the facade. Then they fired over the couple's heads and forced them to jump up and down on the rubbish. The occupants of one Russian tank commanded passersby—at cannon point—to offer flowers to them while a camera crew photographed the touching scene for the papers back home.

Bullying mixed easily with brutality in the first few days of the attack. Yesterday a woman running from one streetcar

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to another was blown apart by a Russian cannon fired at a range of 40 feet. She lay on the ground until a Czech car happened along; the driver picked her up and drove off. Kids with long hair are often shot at and occasionally killed.

Now, however, a minor Russian "peace offensive" is beginning, perhaps an attempt to win the hearts and minds of the people. The tanks have retired to side streets, and some of the roadblocks in the middle of Prague are completely abandoned or maintained with only perfunctory searchings. Today the tank crews had little to do, and at midday the soldiers were dozing in the open cockpits or smoking and talking in the streets beside their vehicles. Perhaps there is a "culture of occupation" that makes all occupiers look alike. The soldiers could have been Americans; they looked bored, slightly stupid, somewhat arrogant and frightened at the same time, and strangely abstracted from the time and place of occupation.

Several times a day, helicopters swoop over Prague and drop leaflets putting forth the Russians' reasons for "answering the Czech government's invitation" to occupy the country. But the commanders are apparently imprecise in explaining these reasons to their troops. Last night, one Russian soldier in Wenceslaus Square said he had come to help put down the "Mensheviks who wear long hair and believe in God." Another thought the Czech border had been opened to West German troops, and that the country was now full of German and American soldiers. When they first arrived, many of the Russian soldiers were surprised to learn they were in Czechoslovakia at all; they had been told they were being sent to West Germany to stop the invasion.

However, most of the soldiers have no answers at all when the Czechs ask why they have come, and a few seem genuinely unhappy in their roles. Yesterday a very young soldier began to cry and knock his gun against his knee in despair; he said he had just shot into a crowd. There are stories of Russian soldiers killing themselves after a skirmish; such stories may be part of the rumor mill, but it is true that the Russian command has changed the guard composition every night to counteract "demoralization" after contacts with citizens. Perhaps there will soon be a Russian book called "Why Are We In Czechoslovakia?"

NOT ONLY THE RUSSIAN TROOPS find that question difficult to answer. The Czechs are baffled by the invasion. "We did nothing to you," people tell the soldiers. And indeed they hadn't; it never seemed likely that Czechoslovakia was planning to leave the Soviet defense system, as the Nagy government was attempting to do in Hungary in 1956. Czech economic and social reforms appeared to be no more (if no less) threatening to Russia than the Rumanian or Yugoslavian experiments. The agreements at Cierna and Bratislava had been made in good faith and were not actually broken. At some point in the distant future, the Kremlin may give up its secrets, and the reasons for the invasion of Czechoslovakia will emerge in the dirty wash; until then there is only conjecture, and the more informed conjecturers in Prague suggest an analysis which is mostly based on the old myths of ideology.

Of course myths emerge from real settings. The context of economic reformism is crucial to the Czech problem. At the beginning of the reform movement, the socialist economy in Czechoslovakia was in a state of dismal stagnation. "We had ten years of dissolution and dissatisfaction and depression," a Praguer told me yesterday.

The bureaucrats of that dreary era seemed determined to make matters worse at every opportunity: incompetent hacks were kept in the most sensitive managerial positions, and if the occasion ever arose, even more incompetent replacements were made; inefficient industries were protected from any pressures for improvement. Minor reforms proved insufficient to repair the major faults of the system.

Czech workers were probably no worse off than their counterparts in other Eastern European countries, but their expectations were higher and their economic progress slower than elsewhere in the bloc. The obvious foci for their discontent were the local Communist Party machines and labor unions; in time, pressure at the grass-roots level had built to the point where local leaders were forced to support reform—and in so doing, to discredit the central Party apparatus. There were strikes and petitions and implied threats of more to come, and all at once it appeared that the whole Party structure was on the verge of decomposing.

WHETHER OR NOT SOCIALISM can be reformed "from within" is a point that theoreticians will argue for decades. But the Czech reformers decided to have a good try at it. The mastermind was Ota Sik, a brilliant economist who had been around the Party for more than 20 years, although at the moment of the reform wave he was outside the official leadership. It was thus easy for the Novotny government to accept Sik as a kind of "consultant" without elevating his recommendations to the level of Party dogma. Sik proposed steps to increase competition, make industry more efficient and prepare for eventual free market socialism —but not too quickly, for fear of inflation. There were three principal points: first, the encouragement of local private small industry, such as small service operations with two or three employees; second, state-controlled imports to compete with inefficiently produced Czech goods; third, encouragement of individual initiative to set up state-run industries and to let competent factories take over incompetent ones.

In classic style, Antonin Novotny finally contracted the occupational disease of minimal reform: he was caught in a cross fire. His orthodox colleagues would not let him carry out Sik's proposals for "free market socialism," while his liberal constituency demanded even more than his moderate program promised.

And then the roof fell in. The small amount of reform that had been instituted served to produce more economic problems in the short run than it promised to solve in the future, and the workers—having tasted change—were beginning to want more. At the same time, the spirit of reform had stimulated the frustrated intellectuals to protest restrictions on their freedom of criticism. The intellectuals' revolt came to a head in the Writers' Congress last June. Novotny threw three popular liberal intellectuals out of the Party and banned their red-hot magazine, *Literarni Noviny*.

As disaffection among workers and intellectuals mounted, the Novotnyites nervously began to sidle over to the reformers—both to save their own skins and to "save the system" in which they had invested their careers. Finally, in January 1968, Novotny was overthrown and Alexander Dubcek was installed as first secretary.

For a time, it seemed as if the reform-

Continued on page 10

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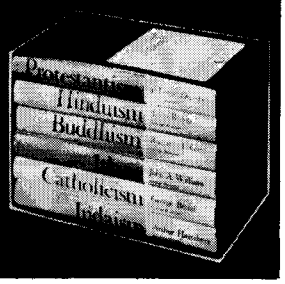

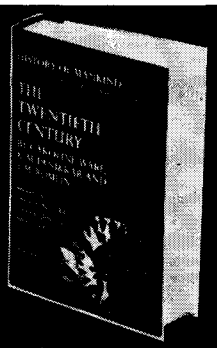

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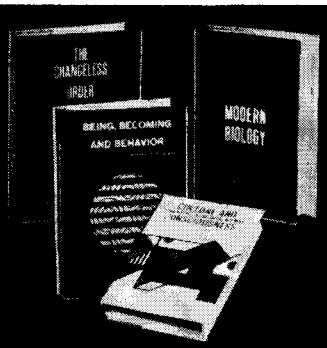

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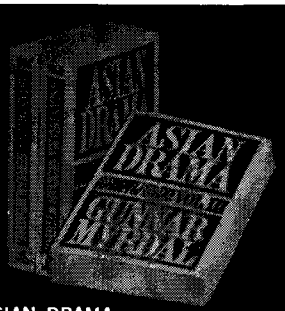

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ers' best friends were in Moscow, which had adopted the New Frontier-*Alianza* approach of encouraging reform now to head off revolution later. At one moment in the middle of the last big battle, Novotny attempted to arrest Dubcek, who fled to the Soviet Embassy for protection. In Russia, Party theoretician Mikhail Suslov (the New York Times' favorite "Party theoretician") argued for the Czech reformers; later in Bratislava he told the Warsaw Pact summit conference, "We must support reform in Czechoslovakia because sooner or later we will all have the same thing."

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN SUSLOV'S support speech and the coming of tanks to Wenceslaus Square, there was a blinding short circuit in Soviet decision making; the overloading element was fear. It was hardly a question of the liberalization itself. A liberal Czechoslovakia presented only small problems to Russia; an *independent* Czechoslovakia would pose an enormous threat.

The precipitating cause of panic seems to have been the reception the Czech people gave to the state visits of Yugoslavia's Tito and Rumania's Ceausescu after the Bratislava conference. Both were welcomed with unpremeditated enthusiasm; a Czech said it was the biggest outpouring of people and sentiment since the Second World War. To the Russians, the demonstrations were all the more impressive and frightening because they were so clearly spontaneous.

It began to seem to some "Muscovites" in Eastern Europe that a new socialist bloc was being formed on the southern tier of the Soviet frontier defenses. If support for the Czechs continued to grow in Hungary (Premier Kadar is said to consider himself a potential "Hungarian Dubcek"), the Russians would be confronted with a neutral, if not exactly hostile, alliance of four countries on its Western flank.

In this instance, the panic button was pressed by first secretary of the German Socialist Unity Party, Walter Ulbricht, who returned from his visit with Dubcek carrying reports of impending catastrophe. No doubt Ulbricht saw that East Germany would be in a most vulnerable position if the southern tier should slide away from Russian control. He predicted that Czechoslovakia would make its first approaches to the Common Market before the end of the year, and that De Gaulle would heartily approve. He told the Russians about intelligence reports that American businessmen were flooding into Prague and that "the CIA" was hard at work. One of his most impressive pieces of evidence was the fact that former State Department consultant Zbigniew Brzezinski and former State Department policy planner William Griffith had visited Prague in the late spring; Brzezinski's mission was to make an anticommunist speech while Griffith snooped around town.

No one knows all the gory details of Ulbricht's message to Moscow, but it apparently got Brezhnev and Kosygin home from the Crimea in a hurry. Those in the Soviet leadership who worry about such things immediately began to think about the Fourteenth Congress of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, which was preparing to eliminate every vestige of pro-Moscow sentiment from the new Central Committee; not one "conservative" had been nominated. And within Czechoslovakia the anti-Russian press campaign which Dubcek had promised to control was in fact intensifying. Putting all those pieces together, the Russians saw an impending calamity, and the troops began to move.

In Prague, the Czech Party presidium was to meet on August 20 to discuss the September Party Congress. Moscow's plan was to have its partisans in the meeting force a vote against Dubcek; he would be accused of allowing undirected demonstrations, of promoting an anti-Russian campaign, of allowing the Party to be overly criticized, and of building up his personal popularity at the expense of the Party. The presidium would form a new anti-Dubcek majority and invite Russian and Warsaw Pact troops into the country. To dramatize the issue, Brezhnev sent Dubcek an ultimatum (he was told to fall in line behind the Soviets) around which a new friends-of-the-Kremlin majority could rally.

OF COURSE IT WAS ALL a terrible bungle. Russian intelligence had utterly misread the sympathies of the Czech Party (as well as the Czech population). The presidium rallied in favor of Dubcek instead of against him, and as the tanks were rolling, Brezhnev announced his "acceptance" of an invitation which had not and never would be given.

"Not only a crime," Talleyrand said of Napoleon's order to execute a certain French nobleman, "but a mistake." In one blow, Russia has done irreparable damage not only to Czechoslovakia but to its own plan for a viable single Communist community in Europe. The existence of a third-force socialism beside Russia's and China's is now established.

If there was even a vague sentiment for neutrality in Czechoslovakia before the invasion, it is now a nearly unanimous demand. One of these days—when the "German problem" is solved—the Czechs will find a new way out of the Soviet sphere, and others will follow. Beyond that, Russia has discredited leftist parties, and the left in general, for years to come. And within the Warsaw Pact countries, and perhaps even in Russia, Czechoslovakia has already become an embryonic "Vietnam."

The invasion is a big help for the deteriorating United States policy in Europe, a strategy which has always been centered on the U.S.-German alliance. The main stimulus for unity among the "Western allies" has always been pressure from the East. As such pressure diminished, the United States tried to find pretexts like the Multilateral Force (MLF) to whip up "demand" for atomic weapons from Germany. Now the Russians have provided a workable substitute for the unworkable MLF—and, incidentally, dealt a crippling blow to Gaullist foreign policy, whose stated goal is to create one Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals.

It seems unlikely that internal pressure from the Czechs and Slovaks will soon be able to change the seemingly tightening Russian control. For one thing, the main reformist intellectuals are in hiding or already in exile. There has been some activity among workers, but thus far no resistance. Dubcek co-opted the people after he himself had been co-opted by the Russians—but his days in office seem numbered. As the workers committees passed resolutions approving of him but disapproving of the pact he had negotiated in Moscow, Dubcek went on the air to thank everyone for the resolutions and their resistance, but would they now please go home and stay quiet.

One man, a highly reliable source, told me that he has seen Dubcek and that Dubcek is in very bad physical condition, having been beaten by Russian

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DRAFT COUNSELOR DAVID EBERHARDT: *Arrested the 27th of October, 1967, for "pouring blood on draft files and records of the Selective Service System at the Baltimore Customs House." Sentenced to three years imprisonment in a federal penitentiary. Free on $7500 bail, awaiting appeal.*

ARTIST THOMAS LEWIS: *Arrested the 27th of October, 1967, for "pouring blood on draft files and records of the Selective Service System at the Baltimore Customs House." Sentenced to six years imprisonment in a federal penitentiary. Bail denied, he is presently serving his term at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, while awaiting trial on the similar charge of napalming draft records on the 17th of May, 1968.*

REVEREND JAMES MENGEL: *Arrested the 27th of October, 1967, for "pouring blood on draft files and records of the Selective Service System at the Baltimore Customs House." Case referred to a 90-day psychiatric study before further sentencing. (Rev. Mengel did not participate in the pouring of blood but passed out Bibles while the act was being committed; he was tried under the same charges.)*

FATHER PHILIP BERRIGAN: *Arrested the 27th of October, 1967, for "pouring blood on draft files and records of the Selective Service System at the Baltimore Customs House." Sentenced to six years imprisonment in a federal penitentiary. Bail denied, he is presently serving his term at Allenwood, Connecticut, while awaiting trial on the similar charge of napalming draft records on the 17th of May, 1968.*

Photographs by Dennis Brack/Black Star

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Lives of the Baltimore Saints

by Marianne Hinckle

LAST FALL FATHER THOMAS MELVILLE and Sister Marian Peter committed the sacrament of matrimony upon each other. Understandably, this did not fare well with their immediate superiors in the Maryknoll Order of Missionaries who, among other things, excommunicated the couple, a sanction which had about as much effect on them as would issuing a traffic ticket for jaywalking to a Viet Cong infiltrator in downtown Saigon. For Father Melville and Sister Marian were full-time members—indeed, the founders—of the Christian Guerrilla Front, and they already knew about rules that were made for breaking.

The vaguely unsettling concept of Christians as guerrillas is rooted in Samuel Butler's dictum about respectable Christians being equally horrified by hearing the Christian religion doubted and seeing it practiced. The radical idea that priests must actually practice, not just preach, the principles for which Christ was put to death came to Father Melville while he was toiling in the missionary vineyards of Guatemala, where he came to see both his church and his country as the keepers of the oligarchic status quo. And when he saw American intelligence agents and military men literally crawling all over the countryside aiding the right-wing terrorists who were systematically assassinating the social reformers, he took to the hills with the Good Book and told the natives to fight back, for Christ's sake. This was an exhortation shared by Father Melville's wife-to-be, and by his younger brother Art, also a priest and a missionary who had been working with the poor in southern Guatemala.

"Marge, myself and my brother," said Tom Melville, "all came to the conclusion that we had to do something to help change the structure of oppression, and then we thought of the idea of a Christian Guerrilla Front. We started presenting our people with the Christian morality, and told them that no one will defend their rights if they do not defend themselves. If the government and the oligarchy were using arms to maintain the Indians in their misery, then the Indians had the obligation to take up arms and defend their God-given right to be men. Our Christian Guerrilla Front was just going to be people determined to bring about that true Christianity that is not permitted in Guatemala."

However, their Maryknoll superior in Guatemala had a differing view of Christian doctrine. Quoting Christ on the subject, he told his missionaries that the poor would always be with them, and said the priests must help the poor to adjust to that reality and let them know that "they had better confine themselves to their misery and not be agitating for change." Therefore, the Maryknolls ordered the Melvilles out of Guatemala.

The United States ambassador also asked them to leave the country, possibly because of Father Melville's radical feeling that, "Having come to the conclusion that the actual state of violence, composed of the malnutrition, ignorance, sickness and hunger of the vast majority of the Guatemalan population, is the direct result of a capitalist system that makes the defenseless Indian compete against the powerful and well-armed landowner, my brother and I decided not to be silent accomplices of the mass murder that this system generates."

Exeunt the Melvilles, to begin looking, even in North America, for other Christian guerrillas. They were not long in finding them, and thus it was not surprising to discover the Melvilles in Baltimore, the Christian guerrilla capital of the world, where Father Phil Berrigan and three other Christians had poured blood on the files of the Selective Service office. A few months later, while awaiting sentencing for that act, two of the original "Baltimore Four," Father Berrigan and artist Tom Lewis, went back and napalmed these same files. With them on the napalm mission were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Melville, and Berrigan's brother Daniel, a Jesuit priest. Also participating were some other Christian guerrillas whom we shall meet once we get to Baltimore, which is where this story begins—but we dare not call it a story, for more than anything else it is a "Lives of the Saints."

[FATHER BATMAN]

POSSIBLY BECAUSE BALTIMORE HAD NO LIONS to throw him to, Father Phil Berrigan was sentenced to six years in jail—which gives an indication of just how angry a saint can make our society by practicing what he preaches.

"To be a priest is to rationalize the peeling veneer of Americanism, to assure people that it is essentially moral and best and that time and luck will prove this country right. Deportment and role call for this, namely, God and Country—on Country's terms. Yet I have not done this, and there's the rub." That was Father Berrigan speaking, and that, indeed, is the rub for the uncompromising priest with a silver crew cut. The son of an Irish railroad man, Berrigan was a lieutenant in the Army during the Second World War and did not begin his religious career until 1955, at the age of thirty-four, when he joined the Josephites.

The Josephites have been called the Uncle Toms of the American Catholic Church. The order works almost entirely within the South, and the bishops have made it the Josephites' mandate to "take care of the blacks." Undergoing the best boot camp training available, he spent several years in ghetto parishes and schools in Washington, D.C., New Orleans and Baltimore during the first days of the civil rights sit-ins, when church and state were as one obstacle.

"Within the Church," he says, "whether north or South, the Negro is the last for whom anything is done. One sees operating in this issue, at all levels of Church life, a frightful opacity of judgment and sensitivity—middle-class and white-centered mores which are singularly resistant to the reality and evidence of a full-scale social revolution. It is, indeed, a matter of con-

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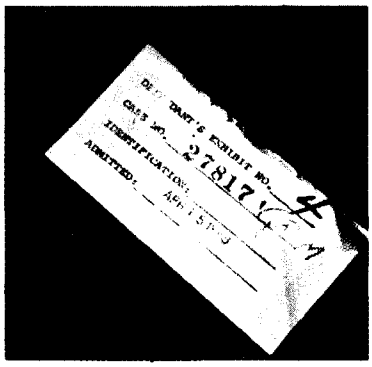
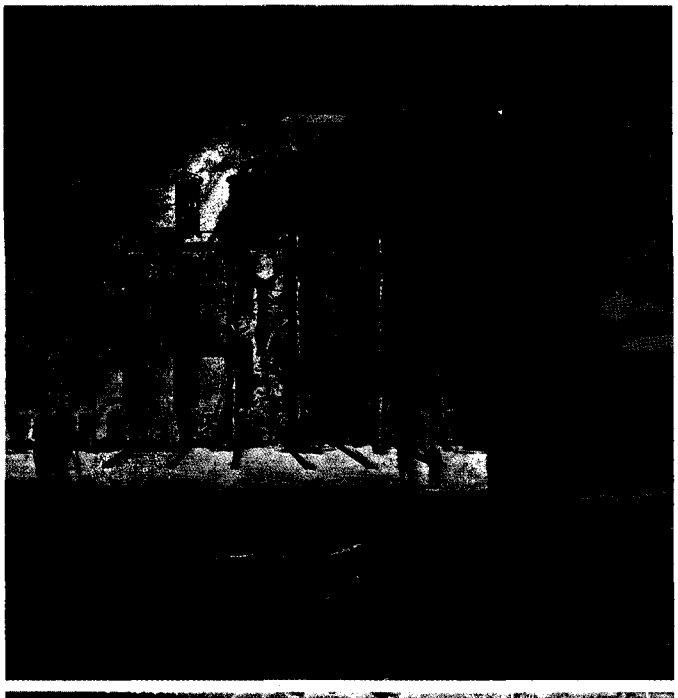
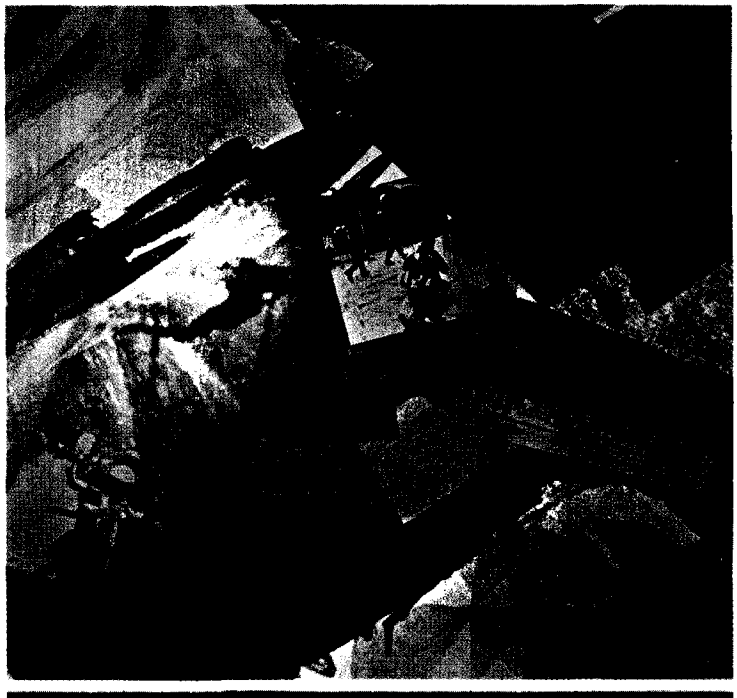
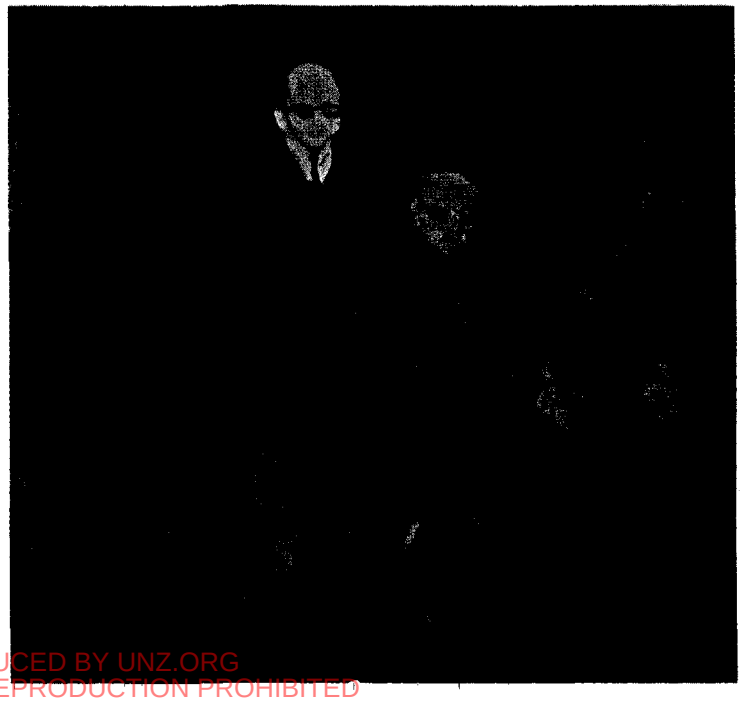
The Iconography of Tom Lewis

The paintings on this page are from a series by Tom Lewis of The Stations Of The Cross. *They were used as exhibits in his own defense (see opposite).*









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jecture whether the Negro will ever take Christianity seriously after experiencing the inhumanity that Christians so capably live [with] . . . the Negro is offering us our humanity, because for white America, Christianity is a burlesque without him." The civil rights movement's epitome of collar power, Berrigan became a frequent sight on picket lines. Working closely with CORE, SNCC, and the Urban League, he began taking freedom rides and fought to get northern college scholarships for black students. So this Christian guerrilla had, first, tried to get to Damascus along the more traveled highways of liberalism.

"I recall a Louisiana summer some six or seven years ago," Berrigan notes. "The state legislature passed nearly 300 pieces of law, most of them against black people. And a saying of Tacitus came into my mind: 'The more corrupt a society, the more laws it needs.' " Learning from his civil rights experiences that nonviolence is not necessarily passivity, Phil Berrigan styled a pattern of life. In light of Pope Paul's plea "to remake Christian society, to awaken it, to make it aware that we are responsible," Father Berrigan spread the wings of his cassock like Batman.

In an attempt to fold his wings, Father Phil's superiors transferred him to a "safe" teaching position at Epiphany College, a training center for Josephite seminarians in upstate New York. But his enthusiasm was not dampened; he became so controversial because of his attacks on welfare programs, exploitation of black people and the war in Vietnam that he was asked to leave, and soon he was on his way to a parish in Baltimore. It was a demotion of sorts, but by sending Father Phil to St. Peter Claver, a poor, all-black parish, the Church had unwittingly returned him to his milieu.

On October 27th of last year, Father Berrigan, artist Tom Lewis and Dave Eberhardt, secretary of the Baltimore Inter-Faith Peace Mission, doused drawers full of Selective Service files in the Baltimore Customs House with blood, in the hope that such an action would be a Christian aphrodisiac. As blood oozed over the files, Unitarian Minister James Mengel passed out paperback copies of *Good News for Modern Man*, a contemporary version of the New Testament, to the clerks in the draft office, and announced that the records had been "anointed."

Baltimore citizens hadn't been so repulsed since 1948, when H. L. Mencken, then city editor of the Baltimore Evening Sun, ran a drawing by the anatomical artist Broedel which depicted in the minutest detail an operative technique for removing kidney stones. But the Baltimore Four's operation was not simply ugly. In fact, it seemed more like bad manners—ingrown despair had found an unattractive out. Most disturbing, it was performed with such grace that it was as if the Holy Spirit Himself had been metamorphosed into the Baltimore peace doves.

"Anyone can take a building, but to walk in and deface draft records," said Mark Rudd of Columbia University, "well, that takes courage." Perhaps, but it also takes religion.

[ENTER GULLEY JIMSON]

BLOND ARTIST TOM LEWIS roomed last semester with Phil Berrigan in the Towson State Prison in Maryland after they were both sentenced to six years in prison for their participation in the October 27 blood-spilling. They were denied bail while the case was appealed—and they have now been transferred to separate institutions.

It is no small wonder that Tom Lewis thinks of his talents as somewhat of an affliction rather than a pleasure. As Gulley Jimson (Joyce Cary's eccentric wall-painting artist of *The Horse's Mouth*) said, "A bad infection, that galloping art":

"*It ought to be death without the option*," *I said.*

"*What for?*"

"*For being an artist*," *I said.* "*For upsetting everybody. For thinking I'd get away with everything at once. And a medal for a good boy.*"

Although Tom Lewis and Phil Berrigan are temporarily out of sight, they are not out of mind; nor are they inactive. Father Berrigan is finishing his latest book, *Punishment for Peace*, and Lewis has set up an art class for the prisoners and is designing altars for progressive churches.

While the ultimate for Gulley Jimson was to complete his wall-painting masterpiece, "The Fall of Man," Tom Lewis is content to depict man's pitfalls. The twenty-eight-year-old artist became actively involved in the civil rights struggle four years ago while he was doing some sketches at a protest march outside of Baltimore. "This was my introduction to the movement in Baltimore, my first real involvement," he says. "The painting I did from the first day was called 'Sit-In at Gwynn Oak,' depicting a patrolman arresting a Negro and in the background a Negro on his knees, a white man angered by the segregationists, and a priest watching the whole affair."

Lewis, who looks more like C. W. Moss than a Catholic activist, is best known for a series of etchings, "The Way of the Cross," in which he updated the 14 Stations of the Cross and optimistically added a 15th, the Resurrection. The series was part of a litigation on Lent and Holy Week and was shown on local television in Baltimore. The "Stations," which were entered as evidence at his trial, are collages painted on translucent plexiglass in deep reds and blues and consist of scenes from modern life related to the passion and death of Christ.

His studio is on the third floor of the William Moore Foundation building, named in honor of one of the first white civil rights workers who was shot down four years ago while delivering a message to Louisiana Governor Ross Barnett. When he was shot, Moore was carrying a sign which read: "Black and White, Eat at Joe's." Countless posters, etchings and oils hang in racks along the walls, and Lewis goes about dabbing at the grim, ironic collages with the zest and cheerfulness of one of Santa's helpers. Perhaps the most striking item in this collection of social protest art is a prize-winning etching entitled "Ghetto," done in 1966. In this stark, abstract work, a man hangs suspended, Christ-like, between utility poles in tenement backyards. Beneath this "crucifixion" are eight motionless suffering figures. When asked who the Roman soldiers at the feet of that cross were, Tom replied, "Perhaps they were society at large."

Addressing the court before being sentenced for the blood-pouring action, Lewis tartly announced that he was insulted by the United States government: "I stand here in moral outrage, as a witness against what is being done by my government to the poor and the helpless. What kind of insanity is this? While we eat lunch, two-thirds of the world is starving and children in Vietnam are burning. I am guilty of no crimes, neither against God, nor against men, nor against the United States. If I am guilty of anything, it is of taking the New Testament and the Catholic Church seriously. If that is a crime, I welcome a sentence."

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[GOD AND SHELLEY ARE WITH THEM]

"IF GOD IS WITH US, WHO IS AGAINST US?" asks Reverend James Mengel, a slight, gentle Unitarian minister who has brought himself up on the teachings of Gandhi. "I've been asked, 'What are you for?' I am for loving God in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. I've personally experienced the urgent need for justice and peace for God's children in Ghana, in the Hough area of Cleveland, in the streets and classrooms of Korea and the suburbs of Baltimore. Horrible pictures of children screaming in pain inflicted by U.S. napalm occur to me. The action in Vietnam is drastic, calling for drastic action by concerned persons here: thus, my involvement in the draft board bleed-in, which some called bizarre. I submit that die-ins are bizarre."

A few years ago, James Mengel participated in a peace action at nearby Fort Myers, where a group of clergy and laymen sat-in three times, circling back in their cars each time they were thrown off the base. Finally, the guards dumped them all in a paddy wagon and roughly deposited them outside the gate. When the group picked itself up, Jim Mengel was missing. He had folded himself underneath a seat, remaining in the wagon until it was back on the base. Then he stood up in the rear of the vehicle and began lecturing to the surprised officers about the need for peace.

By October 27, 1967, Mengel was ripe for something more serious. Passing out Bibles to the draft office workers while his three colleagues squirted blood onto the contents of the file cabinets was, he says, a "mild action in light of the horror we were trying to offset. And they threw my books violently to the floor. I guess they weren't ready to receive Christ."

Now working with the Baltimore Afro-American newspaper, Mengel says, "This is a time to act, and not with words or letters. Americans try to isolate this incident from religious tradition. And then they can't understand it. Our act of anointing the draft files is such a beautiful thing, pregnant with Judaeo-Christian tradition. Blood was used to mark the doors of the slaves in Egypt, thereby saving them from slaughter. For the draft files to be anointed heralds the coming of the Holy Spirit, meaning new life in a dead and dying world."

Dave Eberhardt, a twenty-six-year-old conscientious objector and Baltimore peace worker, is the son of an Episcopalian minister. A graduate of Oberlin College, Eberhardt came to Baltimore in 1963, to teach English history at a small private boys' school. In 1966, he became a volunteer draft counselor, and was soon involved with CORE and then the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission and its co-founders, Tom Lewis and Phil Berrigan.

A poet and writer, the burly, long-haired Eberhardt admits that the blood-pouring put him through a kind of adolescent menopause. "Shelley once said that poets are the 'silent legislators of the world.' Maybe so, but they are going to have to be heard. They are going to have to combine their thoughts with their actions. My standard indeed is life . . . certainly I cannot accept death by malice or irony or mistake—which is the way war has brought it to us. Death is one of the reasons I chose pacifism."

Reinforcing his desire to make love and not war, Eberhardt was married to Louise Yolton by Father Berrigan on the night before the October bleed-in. He said that as "I am about to deface the forms of death, so I fill out the forms of life."

[ENTER DAN BERRIGAN WITH HOMILIES]

LIKE A STORM IN A ROMANTIC NOVEL, the trial of the Baltimore Four was interrupted by the riots that followed Martin Luther King's death. During the interim, Phil Berrigan went back to St. Claver, which was serving as an emergency station in the midst of the burning ghetto. His older brother, the Jesuit poet Daniel who had come down from Cornell University in New York to testify at the trial, was with him.

St. Claver's bulky brick spires cast shadows in the late afternoon over a small intersection in Baltimore's west ghetto, whose worn, narrow row houses seem to bend from despair. Squalid, littered back alleys wind throughout the area where Negroes still drive flat-bed junk carts drawn by pudgy horses. This was the scene of the wild burning and looting that signaled King's death.

"One special irony of all those days that I was there," Daniel Berrigan said, "occurred after the ghetto fires, toward the end of the trial, when they brought something like 1200 black people in one day into that big court complex—people who had been arrested for everything from arson to looting to being out five minutes beyond the curfew. They brought them in huge, guarded vans, like animals. They put them in the center of this huge court compound, and they called their names out over a bull horn and made them come forward and fined them in big crowds. And then on the other side of the court this charade was going on with my brother, Phil, and these other men. It was really one part of a corrupt system, even though the thing with Phil and the other white defendants was infinitely more sophisticated. But when you got down to the bones of justice, it was all part of the same evil system."

Reflecting on his brother's trial, the elder Berrigan said, "I think of the delicious logic which has brought him here. He is free, lucid and fearless, a man—a public man—who picks his own issues, one or two at a time, one or two, if necessary, even in a lifetime. He would say, I think, if the issue is the right one, one issue is enough, and will lead a man to all the others. For most Catholics, the war years have been a kind of Dantesque twilight: nothing is clear, phantoms and demons, men and trees, no great evil, no great good. Normalcy and numbers: we fit the cultural landscape so neatly that the President could fairly count on us for a Sunday blessing upon a typical filthy week of war. Phil is not of that landscape, not of that war, indeed not of that church. Which is why he is in this courtroom on this day."

To offset the daily courtroom scene, there was a gathering of friends every night of the trial; sometimes there would be an eucharistic celebration. On the eve of the last day of the trial of the Baltimore Four, one of the young couples brought along their new baby; there was a baptism and then a party. "It was lovely," Dan recollected. "We felt so glad for this child. The baptism, the eucharist as those men were performing it—these really were signs of life because those men were standing in covenant for life, and their lives were signs to others of life over death, and they gave their blood as a sign of life. Our idea of bringing that child into the community was that everyone there was responsible for the child. The best way to come into the world is to come in by the way of the courtroom. You might just as well be ready and on the edge of jail these days because that is where life and action are."

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[NAPALM IN BABYLON]

AWAITING SENTENCING SOME SIX WEEKS after the trial, two of the Baltimore Four, unaffected by the false optimism of the Paris peace talks, escalated their activities. Father Phil Berrigan and Tom Lewis met with seven others and set out for another draft board, this time in the sleepy Baltimore suburb of Catonsville. On May 17, 1968, they seized 600 1-A and "immediate inductee" files, dumped them into wire baskets, and took them outdoors where, after soaking them with napalm (made from a recipe found in a Special Forces manual), they burned them to a crisp, reciting prayers over the smoking files.

For this surprise move, the court quickly labeled Berrigan and Lewis "dangers to the community" for their "arrogance" in "committing the same act again"; they have been in jail ever since. The seven others, all first offenders, are out on bail.

Berrigan's and Lewis' new accomplices widened the original issues from war and draft protest to firm anti-imperialism. They were world travelers who as missionaries to Africa and Latin America—among other places—had found that the natives did not want their souls saved as much as they wanted the Americans to get out of their country and to stop supporting the regimes that oppressed them.

David Darst, twenty-six, a scholarly Christian Brother who taught in the order's schools for five years, was the only one of the new gang who hadn't worked abroad. At the time of the napalm-in, Brother David was under indictment in Missouri for draft evasion. Simultaneously, last year, he had received a scholarship to the Harvard Divinity School and a batch of angry letters from his draft board. He had sent back four draft cards, explaining that, "My church has for centuries taught the 'just war' theory, by which one is obliged to support the just wars of one's country, but also obliged to oppose those wars that one judges to be immoral. I could simply not comply with the war effort any more. I changed my mind about the merits of a long legal battle with the draft board and acted in Baltimore. To resist by defying the draft board with lawyers and letters is not really taking any active part against the war. That action [napalming the files] was."

Despite the subsequent dismissal of David's case by the St. Louis district attorney, the Christian Brothers decided he was not really the Harvard Divinity School type, and he hasn't been allowed to use his scholarship.

The other six had all been outside of the U.S. for some period of time, more than a decade in some cases. Daniel Berrigan had been "exiled" to Latin America by the Jesuit order in 1965, for helping to organize an antiwar group called Clergy Concerned about Vietnam. John Hogan, a Maryknoll priest, had been stationed in Guatemala since 1961, and was recently asked to leave because of his sympathies with the Christian Guerrilla Movement. Marjorie Bradford Melville, formerly Sister Marian Peter, had been stationed in Guatemala City since 1954, as a teacher and organizer of a student group called CRATER, which was dedicated to labor organization and the eradication of illiteracy; she was also expelled for her involvement with the Christian Guerrilla Movement.

Thomas Melville, a Maryknoll priest in Guatemala since 1957 and a pastor there since 1961, was recently expelled for guerrilla sympathies, and was excommunicated from the Church because of his marriage to Marjorie Bradford. Thirty-year-old George Mische, a peace organizer, worked with AID in Latin America, where he advised Latin American Presidents on U.S. aid programs; he resigned in protest against U.S. policy and its support of the two military coups in Honduras and the Dominican Republic. Mary Moylan, a registered nurse, had worked in Uganda, East Africa, for three years.

Having inherited a certain joy by napalming some of Babylon's documents, "The Nine" joined hands over the burning pile of draft records and individually recited a wish that Americans could "see by our napalming what we are doing to other people's nations. We napalm these draft records because napalm has burned people to death in Vietnam, Guatemala and Peru, and may be used in American ghettos. We believe some property has no right to exist. Hitler's gas ovens, Stalin's concentration camps, atomic-bacteriological-chemical weaponry, files of conscription and slum properties are examples."

[WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE?]

DANIEL BERRIGAN WEARS A MEXICAN silver fish ornament around his black turtle-necked shirt. The fish, whose bones tinkle softly as he walks, is a sign of the eucharist, but the soft-spoken priest says it is really Christ after the institutional church got to him.

Father Dan approached his decision to join in the napalming of the draft records with a feeling akin to the guilt of Emerson when he visited Thoreau in jail after the latter was arrested for civil disobedience. "What are you doing in there?" Emerson asked his friend through the barred window. "What are *you* doing out there?" Thoreau retorted.

Recently returned from Hanoi with three American flyers, Father Dan saw what he calls the "charnel house our military had made of a quite beautiful society." And he was strongly affected by recent events at home: "On Easter Sunday, I visited a boy in Syracuse who had immolated himself in front of the cathedral. He later died. And then there was Martin Luther King's murder. Suddenly I saw that my sweet skin was hiding out behind others, marching and resisting and disappearing into kangaroo courts and jails. I was in danger, as the good liberals began to nod assent to my noble sentiments, of hooking onto their gravy train. I felt that I had to risk my skin to save my soul."

Phil Berrigan is the first Catholic priest to go to jail for a political conviction. If the others' sentences are as stiff as Berrigan's and Lewis'—six years on the first action alone—then there will soon be enough clergy in prison to hold a Knights of Columbus picnic. Four priests, one minister, a Christian Brother, a nun, an artist, a nurse and two peace activists seem more like the cast of *The Canterbury Tales* than the players in one of the most "blessed" guerrilla fronts to date. And their cases before the courts may become landmarks in demonstrating how far a society will go to repress those whom they do not understand.

In his Epilogue to "Saint Joan," George Bernard Shaw cryptically questioned, "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those who have no imagination?" This brief review of the Lives of the Baltimore Saints prompts a non-Shavian question: must such saints perish in this generation to make life more comfortable for those who have no religion?

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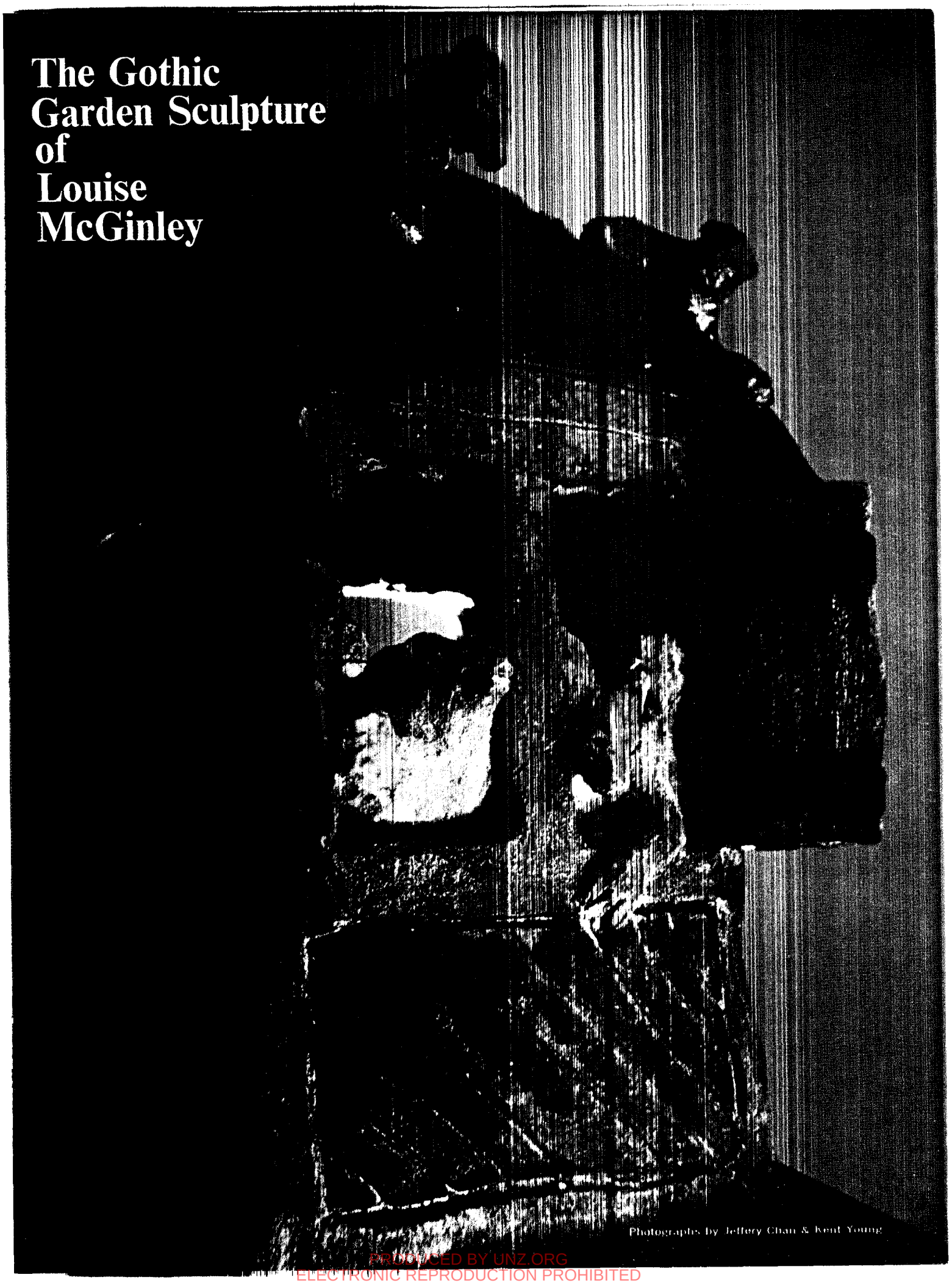
The Gothic Garden Sculpture of Louise McGinley



Photographs by Jeffery Chan & Kent Young

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THE SCULPTURE OF Louise McGinley shown on these pages defies simile, analogy, perhaps even verbal description. It is not the work of a demented Walt Disney (was there any other kind?) nor is it Bosch in three dimensions. There is, perhaps, a valid argument that it is not art by any conventional standards, but in a time when the meanings of such lofty words as "art" are blurred by pompous misuse, this may be a distinct asset.

It follows, therefore, that Mrs. McGinley's work is not likely to become the early phase of an important new wave in American art.

What her strangely hypnotic figures do, simply, is to defy our logical sense of the way things ought to be. We seem to have a compulsive need to provide a sufficient, sensible explanation whenever our actions are questioned. Mrs. McGinley and her figures have no such neurotic compulsions.

The people/beasts in her tableaux gaze down empty holes, crowd into chests and hovels which seem to grow out of their own physiognomy, crawl into tiny caves (or out of them—it is difficult and probably irrelevant to ask which), watch static wrestling matches, and stare fixedly out of closed windows.

These are not particularly nice, agreeable people; from those eight feet tall down to those the size of chessmen, they have a somewhat grim paranoia about them, like caged animals continually on the verge of escape.

Above all they are extraordinarily compelling, upset any notions we may still have of an orderly universe, and have animal faces.

—DUGALD STERMER

BELOW: *Louise McGinley in her garden.*

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THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

A History of One Week in Four Volumes

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[PROLOGUE]

H. L. MENCKEN NOTED in the 1920's that the only part of the Bill of Rights to survive the arrogance of the police, the courts and the executive branch was the proscription of the Third Amendment against the quartering of troops in peacetime. In Occupied Chicago during the last week of August that, too, was taken from us.

Along with it to limbo went a sacred series of living liberal cliches—beginning with orderly change through the system and ending with respect for law and order—and, descending to a lower level, there went the soul of the wheezing, hump-backed and palsied political dinosaur which had disguised itself in public as the donkey of the Democratic Party.

On Thursday of that fateful but fair-weathered late summer week, the day after even the white solidarity of suburban Chicago was jolted by the local news that Hugh Hefner had been clubbed in the rump while out observing the gassing and beating of Yippies, and after tear gas wafted into the baroque confines of that very citadel of Midwestern decadence—the Pump Room itself—all these other things took place:

The chairman of the New Hampshire delegation to the Democratic Convention, for a joke, shoved his plastic Dartmouth faculty card into the droop-lipped, evil-eyed electronic identification machine guarding the delegates' entrance at the Chicago Amphitheatre, and was tackled by two convention "security officials," dragged into the shadow of a concrete staircase, methodically pummelled, handcuffed, pushed outside and turned over to the Chicago police, who arrested and booked him downtown.

Marco Eisert, eighteen, an incarcerated demonstrator from Berkeley, was removed from his cell in the 18th District Police Station near Chicago's spacious Lincoln Park, told it was "time for the showers," taken to the shower room and beaten by a uniformed policeman around the ribs with a club, and then kicked, quite hard, in the stomach.

Tommy Thompson, a reporter working out of Time-Life's Chicago bureau, was taking notes on the progress of a police beating party which was attending to people massed in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel, when a cop, who since early in the week was called, generically, a "pig" by minister and Maoist alike, walked up to him, smiled, and sprayed him in the face with Mace.

A phalanx of delegates to the convention, leading a flying wedge of some 4000 students, Yippies and radicals on a protest march to the stockyards surrounding the Chicago Amphitheatre, clashed with the combined forces of the Illinois National Guard and the Chicago police who were planted next to a 15-foot armored personnel carrier topped by a .50-caliber machine gun, directly on their route. At the ignominious industrial intersection of Michigan Avenue and 16th Street, 26 of the official delegates and alternates to the 1968 Democratic Convention were thus arrested, followed by the persistent gassing of the younger ranks behind them. The demonstrators then attempted, three times, to charge through the police line, fronted in Prague-like perspective by jeeps wrapped, for the special occasion of the Democratic Convention, on three sides with chicken wire and on the fourth side—the front—with barbed wire.

Then the demonstrators, trying mostly in vain to wipe the stinging gas from their faces with wet cloths through which they had tried, ineffectually, to breathe while under gas attack, marched angrily down Michigan Avenue with a caravan of jeeps rumbling behind them. At the perimeter of Grant Park, where the hotels begin and Michigan Avenue makes its own attempt to become Chicago's Champs Elysées, they began chanting, now 3000 voices strong, "Fuck Mayor Daley," in reference to the very same man whom Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut had publicly scolded from the convention rostrum that afternoon as an inconsiderate hooligan and by implication as a fascist.

Hubert Humphrey, a candidate who supported a war that had been overwhelmingly repudiated by Democratic voters in free primaries and who, right up to the convention's opening gavel crash, was sagging behind Senator McCarthy in polls taken in the larger states, and who was running a mile or so behind the Republican, Richard Nixon, all over the country, formally accepted the Democratic nomination for President and spoke about the need for party unity and law and order.

Peter Yarrow, of Peter, Paul and Mary, stood ten feet before the long grim line of National Guardsmen who were protecting the convention headquarters hotel, the massive and ugly Conrad Hilton, by containing a crowd of some 10,000 jammed into the frontage piece of Grant Park across the street. The folk music group had been singing the same traditional peace and civil rights songs for the last eight months of McCarthy's primary campaign —from New Hampshire to Wisconsin and on to Oregon— but the lyrics took on a new and radical meaning in the context of this awesome confrontation: "We Shall Not Be Moved," "This Land Is My Land," "Ain't Goin' Study War No More." Shortly after Yarrow asked McCarthy staff volunteers—still in their rooms in the Hilton—to blink their room lights off and on in a simple gesture of solidarity, the troops began lobbing tear gas into the center of the crowd. At that, the quiet, peace-loving folk singer called the cops their other name.

Friday, at dawn, the police marched into Senator McCarthy's 15th floor headquarters, on the pretext that "objects" had been thrown out the window (one of McCarthy's speech writers later owned up to throwing out some leftover lox), rousted the senator's young campaign workers from their beds, herded them into slow-moving elevators down to the lobby, and, in the words of the police officer in charge, proceeded to "teach them a lesson and give them a beating."

All acts for a comedy of horrors, perhaps. But the Gothic events of Chicago have more than mere Reichstagian significance. For by Thursday, with the possible exception of Mayor Daley's immediate family, friends and employees, everyone, even the Southern delegates, had the uneasy sense that something significant was happening out there in the streets that they didn't understand.

A Special Report by The Editors

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First in line to realize the nature of the political phenomenon that was occurring in the streets of Chicago while the Democrats played a continuous corruption show under the television lights of the amphitheatre were the youths known as the "Clean for Gene"— the thousands of students who carried Senator McCarthy's campaign on their shoulders from New Hampshire onward into the electoral forest. They had worked hard, gotten the votes, won primaries and carried the will of the people with them to Chicago. But Mayor Daley treated the entire convention as if it were a South Side precinct. He simply invalidated the poll lists.

And he made sure things stayed just his way by utilizing barbed wire, billy clubs and big bruisers inside the convention hall.

By the third day of the proceedings there wasn't much for the McCarthy people to do but stay in the hotels and watch other delegates get pushed around on the telly. Their dreams of bringing about change in America through the system vanished in a cloud of Mace, and the "Clean for Gene" kids went out onto the street. There was nowhere else to go.

I.
The Yippies Are Coming

"YIPPIES ARE REVOLUTIONARIES," proclaimed Jerry Rubin, the former Berkeley student activist. "We have merged New Left politics with a psychedelic life-style. Our life-style—acid, long hair, freaky clothes, pot, rock music, sex—is the Revolution. Our very existence mocks America. The old order is dying. The Democratic Party is dying. While it dies, we will celebrate the Festival of Life. Come to Chicago! We are the politics of the future."

"Yippies are voluntary Niggers," observed Paul Krassner, editor of the Realist. "We live outside the system, and those inside it despise and fear us."

"The Yippies are a myth," laughed digger-mythmaker Abbie Hoffman. "They are anything you want them to be, man. Just do your thing. But do it in Chicago next August. It'll be a gas. Like, it'll fuck the system."

Out of such a meeting of blown minds in late December 1967, the Yippies were born. They were propelled full-force into 1968 on the jet-propelled wings of the mass media, ever hungry for something new and a little different.

By the time the Yippies began to filter into Chicago late last month, in the mind of conventional, uptight Mayor Daley, they must have seemed like the advance guard of Mao's Eighth Route Army.

Mayor Daley has talked a lot about the leaders of Chicago's street demonstrations, apparently under the delusion that "Yippies" and "radicals" and "communists" and "McCarthy kids" are separate, controlled groups like the Illinois and Texas delegations, and that events in Chicago can be explained by explaining the actions of four or five men. By his standards, then, the Yippies arrived in Chicago on August 15—because that's when Rubin and Hoffman showed up. Tom Hayden and Rennie Davis, project directors for the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, had been in Chicago all along.

Hoffman, not incidentally, is a past master of the art of "hype" in talking to the press. Shortly after his arrival, he announced blandly that Yippies would put LSD in the city's water supply; Chicago immediately put a guard on to watch its entire water system. When, after the Yippie pig was busted in Civic Center, Hoffman made the deadpan announcement that "next time we're going to nominate a lion," the guard was doubled at Lincoln Park Zoo.

The Democratic National Convention was to begin on Monday, August 26. All through the weekend and the days before, "kids"—the generic in-group term for whoever, regardless of age, was a member of the group in the streets, and a word not without significance as a self-chosen term for a group which deliberately cuts itself off from the values of older groups—were drifting into Chicago, in such numbers as to bring panic to the "organizers" of the forthcoming protest. "My God!" Hayden exclaimed on Saturday. "There's nobody here!"

THE YIPPIES took up residence at The Theater, on Wells and Clark Streets, just across from well-kept and lovely Lincoln Park. The Theater (it seats 300 and does off-Broadway material) is at the northern end of Old Town, Chicago's unsuccessful attempt to achieve North Beach, much less Greenwich Village. To the south lies the Gold Coast, a wealthy section that contains several major hotels. To the east across Lincoln Park, lies Lake Michigan.

On Friday morning, August 23, with enough advance notice to set up ample press coverage, a handful of demonstrators brought a pig to Civic Center, in downtown Chicago, to nominate it for President. Among several hundred passersby, perhaps 100 yippies waited.

As soon as the station wagon door opened, the pig broke free. In an instant, intrepid Chicago policemen pounced on it, and almost simultaneously seven persons were arrested, including Rubin, a police "tail," and Phil Ochs. When they asked the charge, a cop snapped, "I'll think of something." Three hours later it turned out to be disorderly conduct, and bail was set at $25 cash. A half hour after that bail money arrived. Three hours and 45 minutes later, the seven were released.

That night at ten, a RAMPARTS office received a phone call: a gunman was waiting outside the house in which Abbie Hoffman and Paul Krassner were to stay, intending to kill Hoffman. Krassner, who was in the RAMPARTS office, headed for the scene, accompanied by RAMPARTS reporter Art Goldberg. On the way the two men, both of whom have hair of demonstrable length, were stopped by two cops in an unmarked police car, frisked, their car searched. By the time they arrived at the house they found that a shorter-haired

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friend, Ron Kaufman, had preceded them, called the police, and had the gunman picked up: the landlord of the building, it turned out, was after "long haired hippies" in general and either Krassner or Hoffman in particular. The landlord was taken into custody because the gun was unregistered, then released because he had been on his own property.

Later that night, in a downtown hotel, two members of the rock group Country Joe and the Fish were assaulted by a Vietnam veteran. The tension in Chicago was building.

By Saturday morning the Yippies were seriously concerned about the low immigration rate. Mayor Daley had made it clear that the parks would be cleared at 11 p.m. in accordance with a standing local ordinance; Rubin and Hoffman had been unable to get a permit to use the park, and there had been some thought that the 11 p.m. park clearing might be a confrontation point. But by Saturday Hoffman was saying, "It's not even a matter of staying in the park. It's just a question of survival."

But Hoffman had underestimated himself. Almost by accident, the Yippies had chosen the best possible place in Chicago to settle.

Original plans had been to settle in Washington Park, bordering on the black ghetto, but local blacks urged that the scene be moved away from them; they didn't want their community involved in somebody else's action. Rubin had urged an immediate struggle for Grant Park, in downtown Chicago, but rock groups who were invited to play wanted to play, not fight, and the pre-convention struggle for permits had centered in part around Grant Park. A number of churches in the Old Town area, accustomed to dealing with whatever hippie movement already existed in Chicago, offered a welcome; they set up medical and other facilities (and issued a leaflet of invitation headed "Yippies, We Love You").

So it was Lincoln Park, near Old Town. What the tiny squad of Yippies barely recognized is that Old Town is one of the few white neighborhoods in Chicago in which cops are something less than neighborhood heroes.

Lincoln Park is, normally, the park that the community uses, and long before anybody got up-tight about Yippies, the cops had been tight in Lincoln Park, so much so that the local community harbored a ready resentment, however half-conscious and unfocused.

Saturday in Lincoln Park turned into a be-in. The Yippies, who had been counting immigrants with despair, looked around and found themselves in the midst of 2000 people. They quickly nailed to a tree a sign reading "Communication Center," put a table beneath it, and for the purposes of at least some of the press, the be-in became a "demonstration."

But it wasn't. It was a gentle summer day in the park, like any quiet gathering of hippies in Tompkins Square or the Panhandle or Griffith Park. "Straights" wandered around gazing wide-eyed at the "massive influx of Yippies" which their television screens had told them about, not recognizing their neighbors. Guitar players gathered small groups of listeners; African bongo drummers filled the air with their soft, throbbing, insistent beat. Plainclothesmen tried to look inconspicuous. Conscious of the political overtones of the gathering and the resultant increased "straight" attention, the participants cooled it with pot and acid.

The only overtly political action was a snake dance in the park's southeast corner. The snake dance is a technique used by the Zengakuren, the Japanese student organization, for breaking through police lines, but the Japanese do it better than Chicago hippies. In Lincoln Park, 100 snake dancers, under the instruction of Mobilization marshalls who had been to Japan, shouting "Wa-shoi, Wa-shoi," took a crack at a ten-man line and failed to break it. Rennie Davis told the press dryly that the forces of the Mobilization would not use snake dancing against Chicago cops.

Most of the Mob's attention on Saturday was directed toward the Movement centers which opened that day. Davis and Hayden had hoped that these centers—located (mostly in churches) in the Lincoln Park area, on the near North Side and the Hyde Park area around the University of Chicago—would provide a focus for smaller "guerrilla" actions by demonstrators. As it turned out, most of the centers were understaffed and served mainly as housing. Those on the South Side were too far from Lincoln Park, where the first three days' action centered (the transportation strike gripping Chicago throughout the convention didn't help).

One of the more successful centers was operated by Students for a Democratic Society at the Church of the Three Crosses on Sedgewick Street near Lincoln Park, a white clapboard building with a New England steeple that sits oddly amid Chicago's dark architecture. SDS hadn't wanted to come to Chicago originally (there was some criticism by SDS leaders of onetime SDS stalwart Tom Hayden for devoting so much time to the Chicago demonstration), and its role during much of the convention week, while friendly, was hesitant. Its leaders feared a bloodbath if mass demonstrations took place and advocated instead a high degree of organization, dividing the demonstrators into small groups for "squad actions." When the demonstrators showed a patient indifference toward the idea, SDS leaders—while many took part in the actions of the week—devoted most of their time to talking to disillusioned McCarthy kids.

The long happy day turned into night, and tension began to rise. The thousand or so left in the park wondered whether to wait for the cops to come at 11 and what they would do. At about ten, poet Allen Ginsberg and Fug Ed Sanders arrived, Ginsberg playing his bells. As the crowd gathered, they began the hypnotic Hindu "Om." At about 10:40, with the group still chanting—"Ommmmm, Ommmmmm, Ommmmmm"—Ginsberg rose slowly, bells tinkling, and began to move out of the park. He wanted, he said later, to avoid bloodshed.

The group headed toward The Theater, but Ginsberg and Sanders, their purpose accomplished, stepped inside the doorway of the Lincoln Hotel.

Suddenly, without any apparent stimulus, the crowd surged forward and then began to run. They turned down Wells Street, the main drag of Old Town, and burst into the heart of the amusement section, past the Star of India Restaurant, the Beef and Bourbon, the Old Town Pump, the Hungry i and a shoddy club offering topless and bottomless go-go girls. As they moved, exhilarated by their own action, they began to chant: "Peace now! Peace now! Peace now!"

And something happened that most of them had never seen before. On the sidewalk, the Saturday night crowd, almost all under thirty, was smiling and waving. A few,

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hippie and "straight" alike, joined the crowd. Drivers in cars, untroubled by the press of people around them, set up a rhythmic honking and waved their fingers in the "V" symbol of the movement.

Although the demonstrators moved in the street and around the cars, there was no attempt to block traffic. There was no violence, no broken windows, no pounded cars. In fact, it wasn't really a demonstration at all: it was a parade of citizens through their own city, a joyful and exuberant release from the tension of the day.

At the major intersection of North and Wells, a few cops appeared, but they took no action. No large numbers of police appeared until the march, the dance, the parade had moved ten blocks to Goethe Street and the edge of the Gold Coast.

Caught completely off guard by the spontaneous parade, the police had to catch up. They succeeded in making five arrests at the end of the line, but suddenly demonstrators (not leaders—for there were none—but simply people who saw the need of the moment and responded) shouted, "Get back on the sidewalk! Don't give the pigs a chance to bust you! This is only the beginning."

As suddenly and spontaneously as it began, the demonstration disappeared. In Old Town, the demonstrators simply stepped up onto the sidewalk and became a part of the citizenry. Some quietly sat on stoops in the warm summer night and talked as though they had been there for hours. A number deliberately sauntered, in groups of two or three, directly toward the police, watching them curiously.

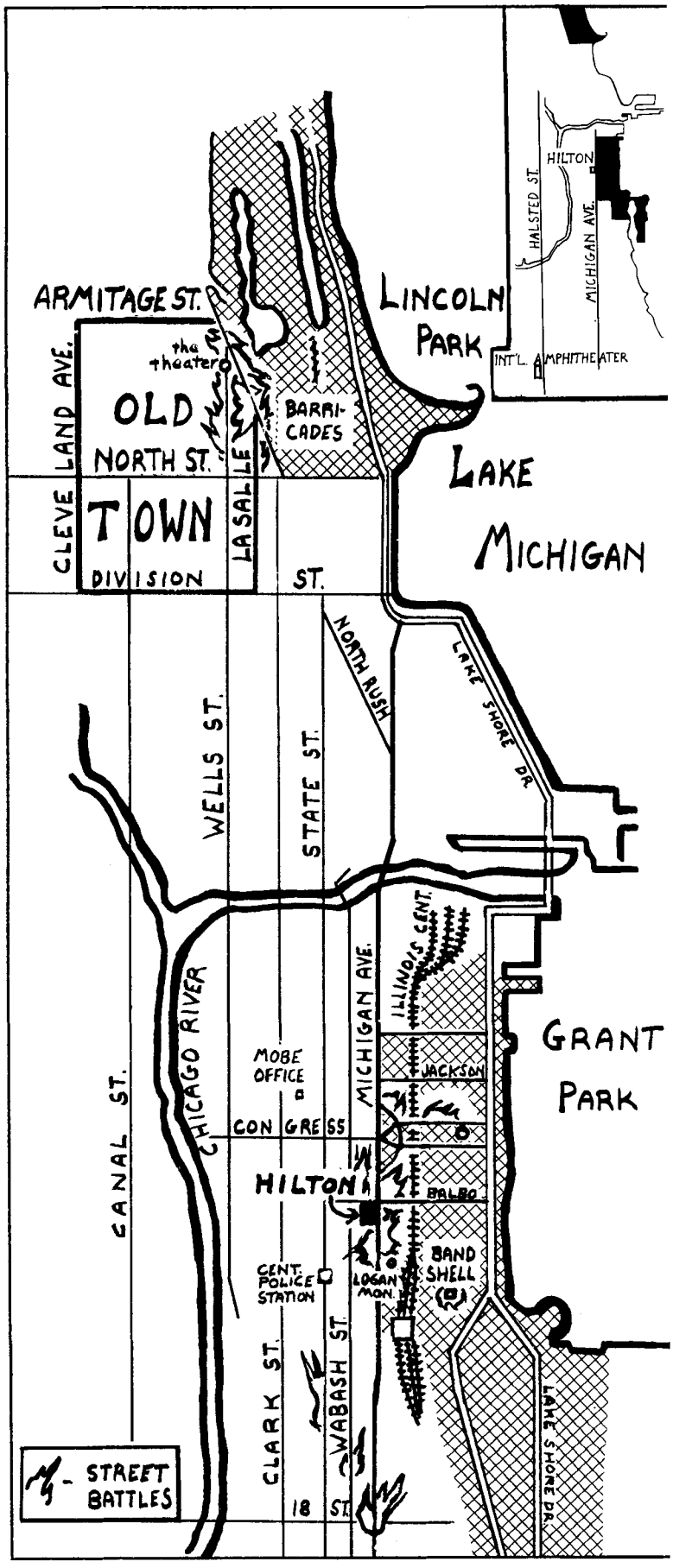
A guerrilla army had found its jungle.

And with the maneuver, the group made clearer than at any time during the days to come the folly of the categories and the conversation of politicians and press alike. To speak of "Yippie strategy" or "Mobilization tactics" in describing the street action of Chicago, as though one were discussing the strategy of the McCarthy forces or the tactics of the Wisconsin delegation, is as irrelevant as talking about Jerry Rubin's shoe size.

The demonstrators were first of all a community, in a sense of that word which has been lost to most older Americans—a group united in the joy of being together and in the astonishing liberation of the discovery that the streets are truly, and not in a merely rhetorical sense, theirs. A similar feeling of unity, of suspension of the self in being a part of the whole, can make a mob when the union grows from hatred; but in the streets of Chicago, while there was often fear and disgust and contempt and frustration, there was little hatred.

In the Saturday night crowd many wore McCarthy buttons, many were uncertain about their presidential preferences, not all rejected the system. Of the locals, some were white working class kids who had originally come to the park to be where the action was, to look for girls, or to defy the cops. In the world of categories, the individuals had nothing in common; they shared only a feeling of belonging together and a distrust for accepted authority.

The music in Lincoln Park on Sunday never happened. When the first rock musician plugged in his first amplifier, a cop pulled the cord. Hoffman tried to find a higher-level cop, but without success. An attempt to get a truck into the park failed, but only after something near a confrontation.



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One of the park people, possibly stoned, began to yell and curse the cops and was promptly arrested; a young man standing nearby protested the arrest and was arrested with the first. The cops had to drag them away, however, and they had to drag them through a crowd just as hostile and twice as bold as they would have faced the day before.

As the cops dragged away the two men they had arrested, about 300 of the park people moved to follow them, and for a moment it looked as if the police would be attacked. The rest of the police detail in the park, only 30 men, moved to the area and formed a line. While the two men were taken away in an unmarked police car, the two lines stared at each other, as tense, mutually frightened and mutually determined as tanks at Checkpoint Charlie. Several thousand more people stood back from the lines, but clearly on the side of the 300 *enragés*.

It was those in front who began the cop-taunting that later marked so many confrontations. "Pig, pig, fascist pig" they chanted and, "pigs eat shit, pigs eat shit." When reinforcements showed up, the group facing the police sat down; but the police made no move, and after awhile the line of demonstrators slowly began to melt away. The situation evaporated.

But again, the great bulk of people in the park, seeing the smaller group defy what everyone was coming to regard as the illegitimate authority of the police, were emboldened. The 300 were not any sort of special cadre; they were simply the bolder of the crowd, the ones who had drawn the most from the night before.

On the other hand, the police had acted with restraint; there had as yet been no clubbing, and the force had only just begun to serve the difficult twelve-hours-on-twelve-hours-off that was to wear at their nerves for the rest of the week. And the hip tactics of the young, so far beyond their understanding, had not yet begun to blow their minds.

In the park, the crowd continued to grow, people gathered around a bullhorn to discuss that night's 11 p.m. deadline. SDS speakers pushed strongly for organization of the entire crowd into tactical groups of 20; but the crowd refused to be organized.

The lights in the park were out except for those around its perimeter, and with deadline time approaching, the crowd drifted inexorably toward the well-lit western side of the park along Clark Street. The police had promised a warning at 10:30; when no warning had been given at 10:55, exhilaration began to sweep the crowd as they became convinced that the cops weren't coming after all.

At two minutes to eleven, a long-haired man carrying a flag of the Vietnamese National Liberation Front, riding on the shoulders of another man, began to shout, "The park is ours! The park is ours!" The flag moved into the park, away from Clark Street, and most of the crowd, taking up the chant, followed it, some people became apprehensive and shouted "It's a trap! It's a trap!" There was a moment of confusion, and then the flag, with 1000 demonstrators behind it, headed for the southwestern edge of the park and emerged on LaSalle Street. Now chanting, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh," the crowd filled that wide street and poured south in arm-linked lines.

Ten policemen fell in behind the march, but made no attempt to interfere. Another NLF flag joined the first in front; the chant changed to "Two, four, six, eight, organize to smash the state!"

The crowd was only slightly larger than the Old Town crowd of the night before, but while the feeling of community was the same, the people were different; this was a more political group, many of them helmeted. They surged through Rush and State Streets, then moved to Michigan Avenue and headed for downtown. They dumped garbage cans into the street to block traffic, and pounded on stopped cars as they passed (one group terrified two "straight" girls by rocking their car until other demonstrators persuaded them to leave). The march dispersed after it met a solid line of cops blocking the Michigan Ave. bridge into the loop.

The march had met no resistance at first because not everyone had left the park: 1500 people had stayed, and that's where the cops turned up. They made no move until 12:30, and then they moved in from the east to drive the demonstrators out into Clark Street. A group of demonstrators quickly moved to block the important intersection at Clark and LaSalle. Another blocked Clark adjacent to the park.

At that point the first clubbings came. As they did all week, the cops moved first on newsmen and photographers —reporters from Time and Newsweek took the worst beatings of the night, and a number of cameras were smashed.

As the swinging cops moved in, the demonstrators again faded, but this time they had to run to do it. They took off down side streets, and the cops let them go (there were reinforcements in some of the side streets, and had the object been more sadistic beating, it might have been much worse; at this point, despite the clubbings, the cops were still showing some restraint by letting the demonstrators go, once their gathering had been dispersed and the park and intersections cleared).

So the opening skirmishes were fought on the civil liberties issue of the Yippies right to sleep in Lincoln Park. It looked for a time as if the park question might turn the demonstrations away from the political direction the Mobilization people wanted them to take.

But Rubin and Hoffman also intended a political result. The effect of their theatrical performances (like the pig incident), their charisma, and their ability to create a loose framework for people to function in, was to bring together the group in Lincoln Park into a form of community. The events of the rest of the week would inexorably and inevitably politicize them.

[THE BARRICADES GO UP]

TOM HAYDEN OF THE MOBILIZATION didn't have too much to do on Monday morning, having narrowly escaped arrest on Sunday night during a weird game of follow-the-follower with a couple of Chicago plainclothesmen.

Ralph Bell and Frank Liggio were assigned to follow Rennie Davis, another Mobilization leader. Since Hayden and Davis were together most of the time over the weekend, they tailed him too—if that's the word for walking two or three feet behind, hissing insults and promising trouble. On Sunday night in dark Lincoln Park, Hayden and Davis private-eyed the two cops: they slipped out of sight in the

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darkness. Davis got away, and Hayden circled around to follow-the-followers to make sure Davis' escape was clean.

The problem was that they lost Davis and found Hayden. Bell and Liggio muscled him to their car, promising along the way to "beat the shit out of him"—and found that someone had let the air out of their tires. They decided to arrest Hayden for it. He yelled for help, and when a number of people came out of the park and surrounded the car, the two cops let him go.

The Mobilization had planned a demonstration at five p.m. on Monday at the Illinois Institute of Technology Research Institute, where they study chemical and biological warfare. Until then, the only thing on the agenda was some workshops the Yippie leaders were planning in Lincoln Park, so Hayden decided to go there, and meet with a number of Mobilization marshals who would work on the afternoon's demonstration. At about two p.m., while Hayden was talking with the group of marshals, a pair of plainclothesmen turned up with a warrant for his arrest and led him away. The charges were disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, and obstructing a police officer. The complainants were Ralph Bell and Frank Liggio.

Aided by a couple of uniformed cops, the two plainclothesmen took Hayden out of the middle of 40 of the Mob's well-trained and much-publicized marshals with no trouble at all. Most of the people in Lincoln Park didn't know what had happened.

Within ten minutes, however, several Mobilization people began to call for a protest march to police headquarters. About 500 people left the park. Along the way, they picked up more marchers (the eventual number was over 1000), including Rennie Davis, who had heard about the arrest while at Mobilization headquarters and rushed north. Davis became one of the march's leaders and all along the route conducted negotiations with the police, determined to prevent any difficulty en route and to see that the demonstration at police headquarters came off.

The march arrived at the modern, computerized headquarters to find it completely surrounded by cops ("It's wall to wall pig," one marcher grinned). A uniformed photographer took pictures. The marchers linked arms and began a series of taunting chants: "Pig, pig, oink, oink, soo-ee, soo-ee." The demonstrators crossed the street, varying their taunts and chants (one was "Free Huey, free Hayden, free Huey, free Hayden") until Davis suggested to the massed demonstrators that they move the demonstration and "go over to the people really responsible for this arrest. Let's go over to the Hilton and let the Democratic Party know how we feel." Hayden was released on bond later that evening.

Across Michigan Avenue from the Conrad Hilton Hotel is Grant Park, and in Grant Park, on an elevation, is an equestrian statue of Major General Jonathan Logan, an Illinois Civil War officer. When the statue came in sight, it seemed, for some reason, to trigger an immediate response to the marchers, who saw it as a target to occupy. The demonstrators streamed up the hill and "liberated" the statue—hanging NLF red and black flags from it and clambering all over it. The scene was too much for the cops.

The cops in their turn made a Teddy Roosevelt charge up the hill, and the kids hanging on the statue hastily clambered down—except for a remarkably straight-looking young man from Birmingham, Alabama, named Lee Edmonson, who got stuck.

A march leader immediately approached a Chicago assistant corporation counsel named Elroy (a political commissar for Daley's cops; some representative of his office accompanied police actions throughout the week, ostensibly to see that the cops stayed legal), and said that if he would restrain his cops from violent action, Edmonson would climb down voluntarily and submit to arrest. Elroy agreed and ordered the cops to let Edmonson climb down.

The cops ignored him. Out of control for the first—but far from the last—time during the week, they clambered up the statue and hauled the demonstrator down, breaking his arm in the process. When they put him in the police car you could see the McCarthy button he wore.

The demonstrators gathered across from the Hilton, chanting and listening to speeches. Mobilization leader Dave Dellinger told the crowd that Hayden had three goals in helping to organize the Chicago gathering:

"He wanted to take people's eyes off the hypocrisy that was taking place inside the amphitheatre and focus attention on where the real emergency was, on the draft boards, the induction centers, and the war research institutions. Secondly, he wanted the establishment to expose themselves for what they really are—Chicago has become a concentration camp. Thirdly, Hayden had hoped to heighten the political consciousness of people. A consciousness which is really heightened is one that takes action."

It was by then 6:30, and some delegates, ready to make their way to the amphitheatre for the opening session of the convention, had wandered over to listen to the speeches. They eventually went off to their destination, and the rallyists to theirs—Lincoln Park, where still another night of 11 p.m. confrontation was in store.

From the SDS Movement Center on Sedgewick Street, on the South Side, 250 activists marched north to join the group in Lincoln Park. During the evening, a thousand or so demonstrators undertook a march down Wells Street, shouting slogans and waving at the people on the sidewalk, who cheerfully waved back. It was another trip through home territory—and it was broken up by fewer than 20 cops, four of whom planted themselves squarely in the path of the march with no sign of flinching, and another dozen or so of whom waded into the middle of the line, which faded immediately, again, into the surrounding "jungle" of friendly territory.

The brief skirmish showed that the wraps were off the cops—they charged newsmen and cameramen wherever they could, and they were vicious with any demonstrator they caught. But even the demonstrators themselves had trouble distinguishing each other in the protective coloration of Old Town.

One reporter, searching for demonstrators, was about to decide that he had wandered up the wrong street, when a police car stopped at the corner. Immediately it was surrounded by 100 people, chanting and shouting. More police cars roared to the corner—and the demonstrators disappeared again.

The march, however, was stopped, and the demonstrators drifted back to the park to await the police invasion. That's when the first barricades were built.

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[FROM CONTAINMENT TO REPRESSION]

AS BARRICADES GO, they weren't much. Somebody turned over a picnic table, somebody else put a park wastebasket on top of it, and pretty soon everybody was piling up whatever they could pile. An attempt to set fire to the picnic tables failed. Eleven o'clock came and went, and the bravest of the demonstrators, gathered on the western side of the park from which the police had come the night before, waited behind a 50-yard-long barricade which wouldn't have stopped a determined pickup truck.

The police took an agonizingly long time getting ready. The front line formed long—easily long enough to swarm around either end of the barricade. A road ran through the park at the point where the barricade was built, and from the other direction—from behind the barricade—a police car suddenly appeared.

It was the first attack on police by demonstrators. Rocks and bottles pelted the police car. Its rear window and most side windows were kicked in, its roof light and siren broken (eerily, as demonstrators pounded on the car, the siren kept emitting a soft, wounded moan). Through it all the two cops inside sat pokerfaced, watching, making no move for long minutes until finally the car lurched forward toward the barricade, backed around, and retreated to the police lines.

With wet handkerchiefs over their faces in case of tear gas and a few of their faces coated with Vaseline in case of Mace, the crowd, at least 3000 strong, waited. The last two known plainclothesmen in the group crossed the lines. A few of the policemen in the line stepped forward.

And then the gas came.

There were five or six canisters and they came so suddenly that only a few people had time to throw anything at the line of cops. The demonstrators fell back slowly, a number of them shouting "Walk! Walk! Walk!" lest panic cause a rush that could become a massacre. Then, abruptly, people began to choke: the police had used, not tear gas, but a much more powerful Army anti-riot gas called CS.

And then the cops moved in.

It was impossible to retreat fast enough. The demonstrators blocked Clark Street, halting traffic, and the cops charged into the crowd, swinging not only billy clubs but in some cases shotgun butts. Once again, press representatives were singled out as targets, but other than that the attack was indiscriminate. Cops climbed porches and even went into houses to grab and beat people; one man was clubbed in his own backyard. There were constantly repeated cries of "Pig!" but they were fiercely angry cries, shouted in frustration. At the three-way intersection of Clark, LaSalle and Wells—hurling whatever missiles they could to slow the brutal charge of the cops—the demonstrators turned down Wells, where on previous marches they had found refuge. This time the cops were waiting: they had anticipated the move and came up from behind.

The police were completely out of control.

They burst into bars—some hippie bars and some the sort of swinging places where young attorneys meet airline stewardesses between trips — and indiscriminately hurled patrons into the streets, ordering the proprietors to close shop. Once in the street, the patrons were likely to be clubbed for being in the street.

One middle-aged man, escorting two old women home, was felled from behind by a rifle butt.

From windows and from creeping or immobilized cars came so many catcalls and "V" signs that cops actually started to club motorists in open cars; four of them surrounded two young and short-haired men in a Corvette and pounded them for 30 seconds. The squarest of citizens was as apt as not to be hurling rocks at the police in retaliation. The overwhelming police attack (after most of the action had ended, a RAMPARTS reporter toured the area by closed car and counted at least 500 police) moved all the way down to Chicago's Gold Coast, and some of the city's wealthiest citizens found themselves on the wrong end of police clubs for the first time in their lives.

On Monday night, close to midnight, several hours after he had been released on bail, Tom Hayden was arrested for the second time in one day. He had been forcibly barred from entering the lobby of the Hilton Hotel by the manager even though he had arrived with McCarthy staffers who were registered guests. Walking away from the hotel, he was fingered by his plainclothes tail. A uniformed officer and the burly plainclothesman collared him from behind, wrestled him to the gutter and pummeled him with their fists in full view of a dozen witnesses. Hayden, stunned by the sudden attack from the rear, pleaded as he was being hustled to a paddy wagon, "What did I do? What did I do?" When they got him to the police station they told him what he had done—the arresting officer said Hayden spit at him and charged him with aggravated assault.

The second Hayden arrest and beating—without any provocation—was just one more sign that by Monday Daley and the police were losing their cool and moving from a policy of containing the demonstrations to actively repressing them.

[LAW AND ORDER UBER ALLES]

THERE WAS A MIST off the lake all Tuesday night. In the swirling fog, early Wednesday morning, the National Guard moved into position between a crowd of demonstrators and the Conrad Hilton, and an outsider, watching, could feel a sudden wrench of time. A Guard officer climbed atop a jeep to address the demonstrators, and held his hand outward and upward, at arm's length, for silence. The response was immediate:

"Sieg—HEIL! Sieg—HEIL! Sieg—HEIL!"

Earlier, in the same mist, cops massed on the lake shore side of Lincoln Park as midnight neared could see another sight almost as strange. Atop a slight rise, a rough wooden cross, 12 feet high, loomed in the fog; beside it, waving gently in the light breeze, was an NLF flag—which by now was becoming, not the defiantly carried standard of the "enemy" in Vietnam, but a genuine banner for rebellion against oppression in Chicago.

200 clergymen had come to Lincoln Park on Tuesday night, many of them local, to lead a peaceful sit-in in advocacy of an "open park" 24 hours a day. Hundreds more had come to join them, most of them Old Town residents; by midnight the total crowd in the park was 2000.

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2000 had been there for a rally that evening, at which Bobby Seale of the Black Panthers told everybody to "pick up a crowbar or a piece." Another 3,500 had gone to an "LBJ UnBirthday Party" at the Coliseum, sponsored by the Mobilization, and listened to speeches by William Burroughs, Jean Genet, Terry Southern and Allen Ginsberg and to the singing of Phil Ochs. The party group, in general, went from the Coliseum to Grant Park; the Lincoln Park people, in general, stayed there. Someone likened the two groups, with their still somewhat different perceptions of the week's meaning despite their shared experiences, to students in Paris (Lincoln Park) and Japan (Grant Park).

As midnight approached in Lincoln Park the question was whether the police would gas 200 ministers. The answer was yes: they would have gassed 200 archbishops in full regalia. The rest of the scene, after the cops drove the demonstrators once again out of the park, was a repeat of the stories of the nights before, with one notable exception: it was even worse. Cops charged into houses, dragged out the occupants and beat them. Several drew guns in the course of chasing demonstrators or while under the now constant, angry rock-and-bottle attacks, but there were no reports of shooting.

The non-violent crowd which had sat-in became militant. They lost; the police action was so vicious that virtually the entire population of the area now saw the cops as the enemy, and driving a patrol car through Old Town became for the rest of the week one of the most courageous actions a cop could perform.

Tuesday night was the night that turned the tide of opinion toward the fighters in the streets. It was the night that delegates from at least seven states went out of their way to visit Grant Park and to offer support to the demonstrators. It was the night that proved, beyond qualification, that except for the order against shooting, all restraints were off the cops.

Tuesday night was the night that proved that the demonstrators knew what they were doing when they pounded the air with the angry and derisive "Sieg Heil!" It was obvious by then that Humphrey and Daley—anticipating the "law and order" stance of Wallace and Nixon in the coming election—had decided to stake out a claim to the same territory. On Tuesday night, Chicago was militarized.

And on Tuesday night, Lincoln Park and Grant Park came together. From now on, in occupied Chicago, there was one Resistance.

II.
To The Spoilers Belong The Victor

PROTESTED ALEX ROSENBERG, a delegate to the Democratic National Convention from the Sovereign state of New York, after being frisked for the seventh time and having his credentials checked for the sixteenth time, upon which he refused because all of this madness had obtained by the second day of a scheduled five-day convention:

"I wasn't convicted and sent here! I was elected!"

Daley ran the convention as tightly as he runs his city, which has few air leaks. For instance delegate Shirley McLaine may have been a little surprised at having her handbag searched by a cop, but then imagine the surprise of the Negro couple who had moved into an apartment in Mayor Daley's own white neighborhood of Bridgeport and came home from a movie to find that all their furniture and personal belongings had been removed and stored in the Bridgeport police station.

Daley's formula is that force follows policy. The policy was to have a smooth, controlled convention insulated from both Yippies and Republicans by the barbed wire guarding the stockyards amphitheatre. Thus any delegate who showed early distant warning signs of independence either had his microphone cut off or was maneuvered, or shoved, or on occasion slugged, into a position where waves or tiny ripples could not be made.

(Despite hysterical security precautions, the convention actually was inefficiently guarded. Two members of the RAMPARTS reporting team, for instance, saw Roy Cohn, the registered Democrat, sitting in Senator McCarthy's private box (that's Senator *Eugene* McCarthy) and were able to sit there, too, within spitting distance of Hubert Humphrey as he gave his acceptance speech. And two New York movement boys who were being sought by Chicago police as "troublemakers" were spirited into the convention hall by members of the New Mexico delegation Thursday night. Dressed in workshirts and blue jeans, the boys sat in full view in the galleries during Humphrey's speech.)

Just as it is easier to bemoan the police brutality and forget about the corrupt men at the convention endorsing the obscene war policies of an already publicy discredited president, one should not make the mistake of assuming that Daley's control of the proceedings in the Amphitheatre was only fist deep.

To summarize, the convention was an elaborate shuck, controlled in large part from the banks of the Pedernales. But there was no reason for President Johnson to do anything as transparent as call his men to Texas to reason together. He had the convention wired between Postmaster General Marvin Watson's secret LBJ command post on the 21st floor of the Hilton (which was staffed by such Johnson operatives as Jack Valenti and Joseph Califano, and Bill McSweeney, former publicity director of the national committee and now chief press officer for the post office), and Mayor Daley's fifth floor office in Chicago's City Hall with its special Irish-green telephone.

Should anyone doubt Daley's pivotal position in the party, it should be recalled that the Chicago Mayor both handed John Kennedy the nomination in 1960 and—by all recent studies—stole the election for him by juggling the vote in Chicago precincts to give Kennedy his hair-breadth win in Illinois and the electoral edge over Nixon. A very large percentage of the money going each year to the coffers of

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the Democratic National Committee comes out of Chicago, and Mayor Daley is very important to Chicago big businessmen. (See RAMPARTS, September 7, 1968)

The circle of control was completed in John B. Criswell, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, who was the convention's executive director, and who is Johnson's man. (Bills for the 21st floor operation went directly to Criswell.) When Criswell had a question about what to do next, he called Marvin Watson who, if a higher decision was necessary, called Johnson in Texas. Unlike the Cabots, presumably the Johnson chain of command stops there.

With the exception of maverick California, the big state machines—spearheaded by Daley's Illinois—were safely in Establishment control, and the only other unknown was the South, which was following the lead of Texas Governor John Connally.

Thus there was hardly any need for the delegates to convene. Humphrey was slated to get the nomination as long as Johnson got what he wanted out of the convention—which was, above all, a platform endorsement of his war and a candidate so hog-tied to it that if he wins Johnson can take it as a vindication of his policies.

So the only real question was whether Humphrey would stay in line, although the expectation could hardly have been otherwise. The vice president hasn't been his own man since the first time LBJ made him go swimming nude in the White House pool.

The Johnson forces, however, took no chances. LBJ even had a fail-safe scenario, embodied in a secret memorandum circulated to six key Democratic Party officials in June, which outlined a late ballot strategy for the renomination of Johnson if Humphrey should fall by the wayside, or stop taking orders.

Nothing that drastic was required, however. When Humphrey showed signs of a dovish switch on the Vietnam plan, Governor Connally put on the pressure by announcing that he was considering placing President Johnson's name in nomination again—with the clear implication that most of the South's 330 votes would pull away from Humphrey. Just two days later, Humphrey changed his position and assumed a very hard line on Vietnam.

Johnson's men kept a close watch on Humphrey right to the end. At 11:30 p.m. Tuesday night, before the scheduled voting on the Vietnam plank the next afternoon, Marvin Watson took the slow Hilton elevator from the 21st floor up to Humphrey's suite on the 25th floor to give the vice president a minor scolding. Watson said he had heard "disturbing rumors" that some Humphrey supporters were visiting delegates and arguing that their man needed a moderate Vietnam plank to hold the party together and have a chance of winning. Watson said that he hoped that news wasn't true, because it would make the president "very upset," and would also effect how much money the campaign would get from the AFL-CIO.

The only other "independent" move Humphrey made at the convention was to publicly support the attack on the unit rule, a reform which the South, of course, opposed. This was the very least he could do to boost his evaporating liberal image, although it is doubtful at this point if his liberal credentials would gain him passage into the ADA men's room.

But RAMPARTS' Washington editor, Lee Webb, who covered the rules committee, learned that the vice president was double dealing even on that issue. Despite his public position, Humphrey dispatched several supporters—including Congressman James C. Wright of Texas—to privately tell delegates that Humphrey's position was really against the rules change. Wright sent a telegram to 15 Humphrey sympathizers on the Rules Committee asking them to a morning meeting in Private Dining Room No. 1 of the Hilton (coffee and rolls were provided). Wright passed out an unsigned four-page memorandum to those attending which argued that McCarthy's proposed reforms were too "radical" and that the unit rule should be saved.

Humphrey is particularly vulnerable to the pressures of powerful men such as Daley and Johnson because he is without sufficient resources or a competent staff to run a campaign or even manage an independent effort to gain the nomination.

Unlike Johnson and Kennedy, Humphrey is not a millionaire, and his salary does not allow him the large political staffs that men of more independent means can maintain. He has been forced to take pot luck on staffers through the years, and has had more than an average degree of scandal related to the ambitious young men he hires to staff his office and run the agencies over which he has had control.

The political judgement of Humphrey's staff has been particularly inept. His advisors sent him into the West Virginia primary in 1960 confident of victory, only to be smashed by the Kennedy machine. The vice president was encouraged to push a Marshall plan for the cities, and Johnson publicly attacked his judgement. At the Chicago convention, his staff made a real botch of the unit rule maneuvering—so bad, in fact, that some Southern governors are now furious at Humphrey because they feel he told the liberals one thing—that he was for ending the unit rule, then privately told members of the Rules Committee he wouldn't push the reform, and then sent at least two representatives—former head of the Small Business Administration Eugene Foley and New York investment banker J. Schwamm—to privately lobby with delegates in support of the rules challenge.

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR JUST about everybody but Teddy Kennedy, who was up to his own thing at Chicago. Like many young men, Teddy was looking toward the future—especially 1972.

The entire Kennedy strategy at the convention—including the brief-lived Teddy for President boomlet—was to build up points for the '72 nomination, and for the takeover of the party machinery after November 7 if Humphrey loses—as both Steve Smith and Ted Sorensen are convinced he will.

The Kennedys had to be sure, however, that McCarthy would not get the nomination by some freak. That was the motivation behind the stalking horse candidacy of Senator George McGovern, to whom the Kennedy command post had assigned Arthur Schlesinger, Pierre Salinger and Frank Mankiewicz.

The Kennedy people further hindered McCarthy's man-

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euverability by creating an alliance for the minority peace plank—a move which cut into McCarthy's delegate-gaining momentum by joining his single strongest issue in a popular front. The speakers' roster for the minority plank was heavily weighted with Kennedy men, a point which greatly irritated Senator McCarthy. When McCarthy called Richard Goodwin to ask why more of their people weren't speaking, Goodwin replied that the issue should be kept "non-partisan."

But the most effective kill-McCarthy gambit of all was the rumor factory that manufactured the Teddy for President thing. The word that Teddy *might* be draftable was all that was needed to end whatever torturous progress McCarthy was making in garnering delegates. The underlying psychological assumption behind the excitement over a late blooming Kennedy candidacy was that Teddy would be a winner—when he said, finally, no in public, it was all over.

By now McCarthy saw the situation, too, and sometime late Monday night or early the next morning he talked on the telephone to Senator Kennedy in Massachusetts. McCarthy told Kennedy that—if Kennedy would become a formal candidate—he would drop out of the race and release his delegates with a suggestion that they vote for Kennedy. Kennedy said he would not be a candidate under any circumstances. The conversation was short and to the point, and although some men inside the Kennedy winners' circle now claim that McCarthy made the phone call in desperation and asked Teddy to take him on as Secretary of State in his administration, there was no such discussion between the two Senators.

The precise origin of the Teddy boom is unclear, but it is a chicken-or-egg question. Both the Kennedy and Daley forces wanted it for their own manipulative reasons. Steve Smith, running the show for Teddy out of the Standard Club, an exclusive Chicago Jewish men's club, wanted it secondarily as overkill insurance against McCarthy.

Daley, who three weeks before the convention had the nomination sewed up for Humphrey—(as long as the vice president didn't blow it by playing at independence)—wanted to get Ted Kennedy on the ticket as vice president because he was worried over Humphrey's poor pulling power in Illinois. (Daley's second choice was Muskie, because of the large Polish bloc vote in Chicago.) So Daley played a waiting game—sucking California's Jesse Unruh in on a draft Teddy movement—in the hopes that Teddy would blunder into formally announcing for president—and thus be unable to refuse the veep position. Daley lost on that one, but by waiting until the last minute to throw Illinois support to Humphrey he maintained the illusion that the convention might be open, after all, and created enough confusion to obscure Humphrey's sell-out strategy of accommodation with the Southern delegations.

Of course, kissing the collective ass of the Southern delegates was not a phenomenon exclusive to the unprincipled Humphrey. McCarthy aide Richard Goodwin, trained in manipulation under the Kennedys' visited Texas Governor John Connally and tried to talk him into accepting second spot on the ticket with McCarthy. Goodwin was still hustling after McCarthy lost, too. He visited Humphrey in the vice-president's 25th floor headquarters in the Hilton on Thursday and assured Humphrey that if, after a while, he began to move away from the platform position on Vietnam he could virtually count on McCarthy's support later in the campaign. Goodwin also assured Humphrey that McCarthy would have nothing to do with any fourth party movement.

Another disturbing incident which ocurred in the closing days of the McCarthy campaign was the instruction given folk singer Phil Ochs—who had been singing at McCarthy rallies for months—by middle-echelon McCarthy aides that he should stay away from the campaign because he would hurt the Senator's chances of nomination. When Ochs asked what he had done, he was told that he had called both Mayor Daley and Vice President Humphrey "assholes" at a public meeting and that word of the remark had gotten back to Daley, whom McCarthy still hoped to swing to his side.

But the Daley-Johnson control of the convention was absolute. They even had it literally wired for sound. Before the convention opened Daley, according to a ranking Democrat with access to the convention's paper work, received a memorandum from convention director John Criswell informing him that the Illinois State Police intelligence division had completed arrangements for bugging every state delegation—and all the major news media.

(Before RAMPARTS learned of the existence of this memorandum and of the extensive bugging of the convention facilities by Daley, a two-man team of intelligence operatives was dicovered by RAMPARTS staff writer Steve Chain operating electronic eavesdropping equipment in the room next to Editorial Director Warren Hinckle's suite in the Ambassador West Hotel.)

The final equation in the story of this outrageously rigged convention is the naivety of many professional political writers who, in "interpreting" the convention, opined that Humphrey was operating free and clear of Johnson and had been dealing independently with the South, and argued that Daley was irrelevent since Humphrey had the votes, anyway.

This is clearly nonsense since, for one thing, if the vice president were home free he would never have risked splitting the party by going for a hard line Vietnam plan. Humphrey, in fact, had no more than a minimal number of votes that were not owned outright by Johnson and Daley, and he had no choice—since his style is to dance to the tune of more powerful men—but to go along with what they wanted. This of course explains Humphrey's almost banal support of Major Daley's goon squad tactics at the convention and in the streets of Chicago. This last proved the breaking point for many delegates on Wednesday night who were asked to carry out the program of nominating Humphrey on the first ballot as the television carried pictures of the Chicago cops brutalizing young demonstrators in front of the Hilton Hotel at the same time Daley's strong-arm tactics were being employed right there on the convention floor. But moves to delay the presidential voting—or adjourn the convention—were simply ignored and Humphrey's nomination went according to plan.

So Hubert Humphrey is the victor—only in this case, the victor belongs to the spoilers of the Democratic Party.

Text continued following picture section

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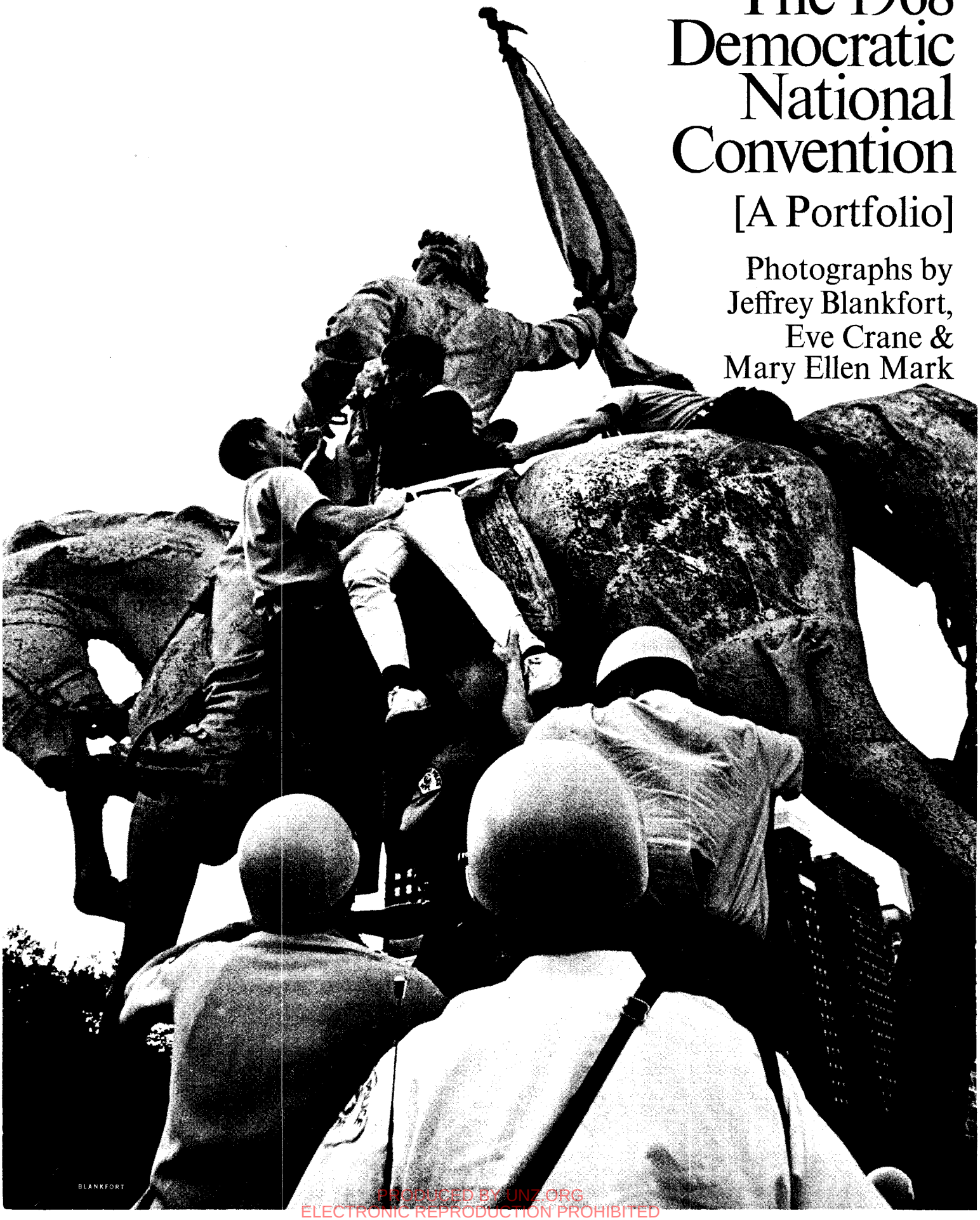
The 1968 Democratic National Convention

[A Portfolio]

Photographs by
Jeffrey Blankfort,
Eve Crane &
Mary Ellen Mark



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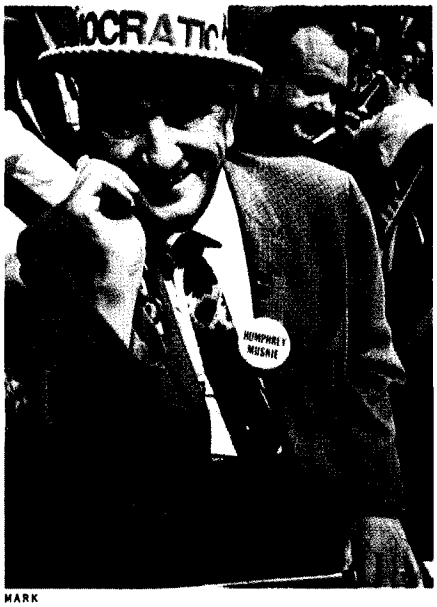

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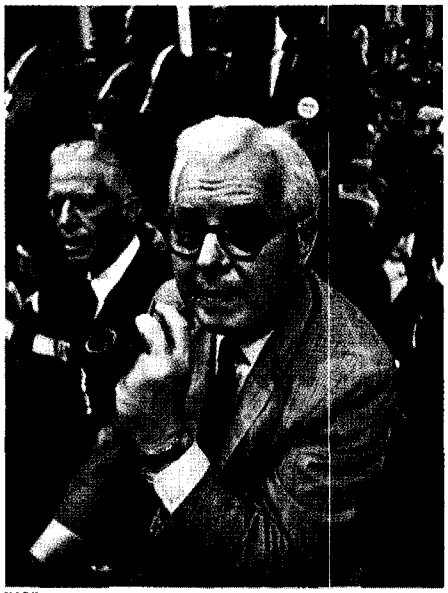

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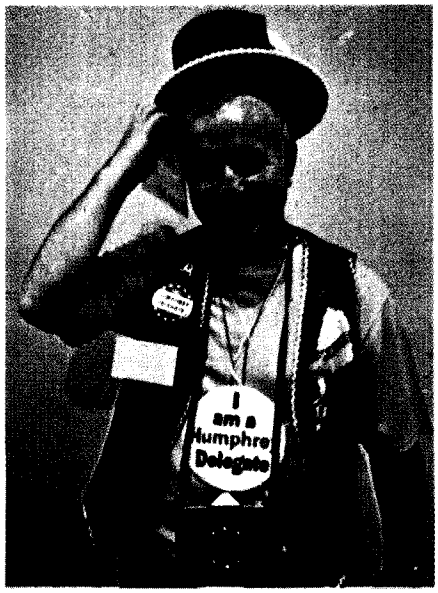

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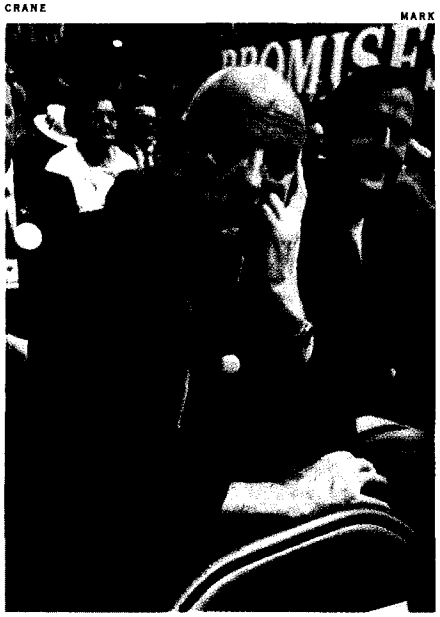

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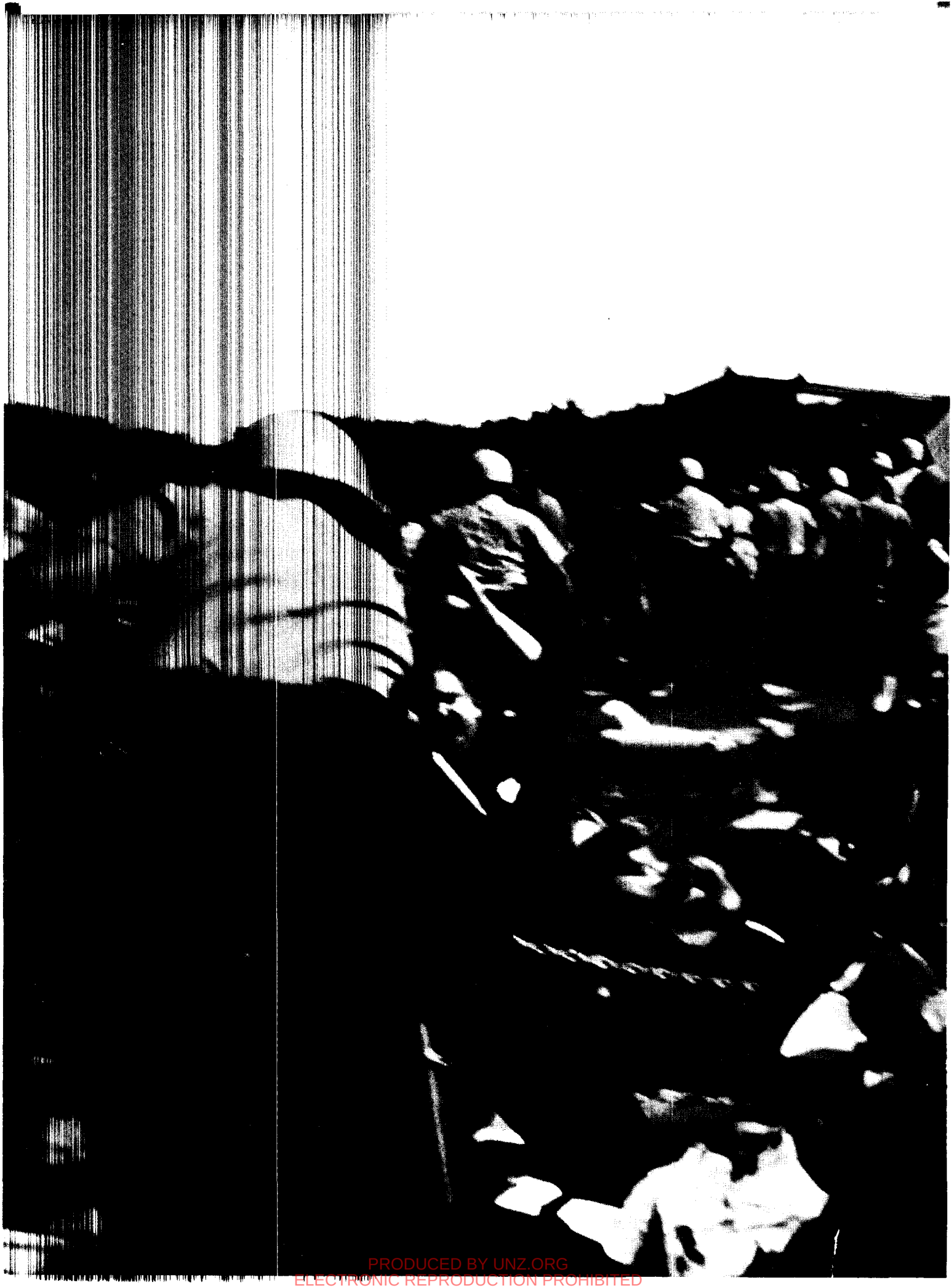

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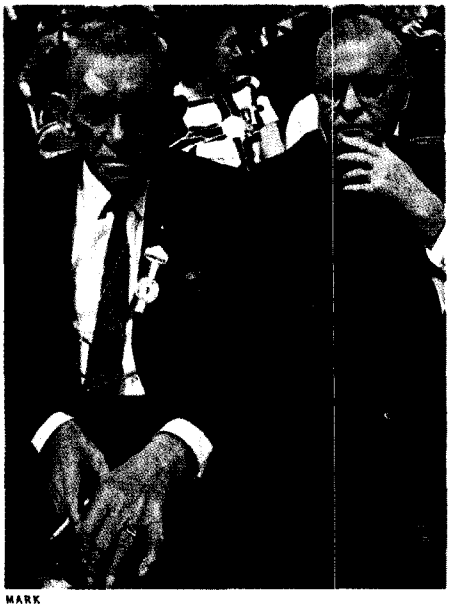

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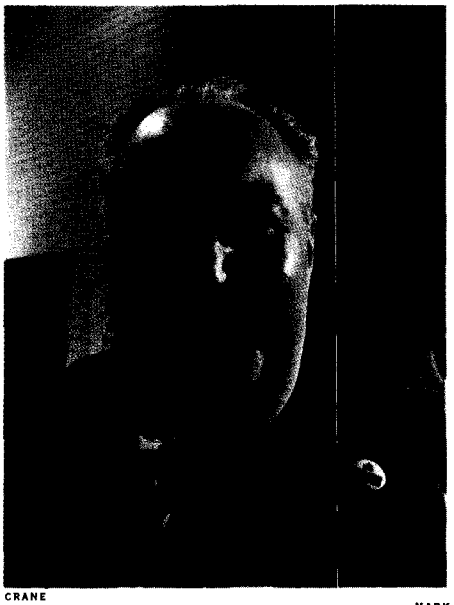

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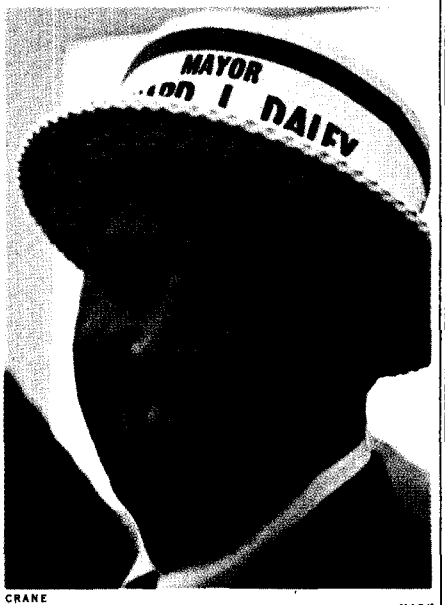

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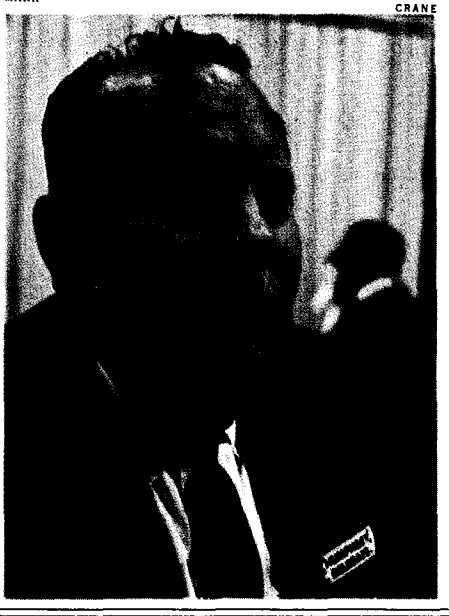

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[CAUCUSES: NEW YORK]

ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, in Caucus Room #2 at the Amphitheatre in Chicago, the New York State delegation met in closed caucus to count heads for presidential preferences. Such a caucus is generally one of the most closely guarded secrets of the inner workings of our American electoral political system, but fortunately, a member of the RAMPARTS task force at Chicago, Sydney Schanberg, in real life the Albany bureau chief of the New York Times, was able to secrete himself in the back of the room. One most fortunate aspect of Mr. Schanberg's presence in that room is that it allows the general reader and perhaps some better-known television newscasters to realize that the current decision-making process—which civics classes and the press take so seriously—is in reality atavistic, chaotic, eccentric and intellectually and politically irresponsible, principally because of the hacks and occasional downright know-nothings who constitute the bulk of the typical state delegation. That is a general statement, but in the case of New York it is also specific. Mr. Schanberg's report follows:

The convention's afternoon session had just ended, during which the anti-war minority plank on Vietnam had been buried. The convention's evening session was to begin in about 90 minutes, at about 6:30 p.m., when the roll call for presidential voting would be the order of business. Most of the New York delegates had trooped dutifully back into the second floor caucus room, but a small group of delegates were still on the convention floor singing, in concert with other anti-war delegates, "We Shall Overcome," in protest against the pro-administration plank.

But then in walked the chairman, John J. Burns, a large, friendly, bear-sized man who was in a difficult political position. Burns is a protege of the late Robert Kennedy who had exerted—by the awesomeness of his reputation for ruthlessness — some measure of authority over the normally out-of-hand feifdoms and duchies of New York's big county leaders: Stanley Steingut of Brooklyn, Frank Rossetti of Manhattan (who rules the corpse that was once the powerful Tammany machine), Henry McDonough of the Bronx (successor to Boss [Charles] Buckley, a friend of the Kennedys), Moses Weinstein of Queens, Joseph F. Crangle of Erie County (Buffalo), William Luddy of Westchester, and John F. English of Nassau.

But by virtue of the assassination, Burns is almost powerless in the party now and must do essentially what he is told by the county bosses. For instance, last Saturday, under extreme pressure from the bosses and key members of the Humphrey camp who made it clear that Burns' $30,000 a year party job was at stake, the former Kennedy confidant endorsed Humphrey for President.

When Burns came into the room, Stanley Lowell, an alternate delegate and former chairman of the New York City Commission on Human Rights, was passing out eight-inch-wide "I am a Humphrey delegate" buttons from a Humphrey shopping bag.

Burns ruled out any speech-making on behalf of the presidential candidates and said the purpose of the caucus was simply for the delegates to make known their preferences so there would be no confusion on the floor that evening when New York was polled.

But for the next 20 minutes, the delegates entertained themselves with the following questions:

(1) If a delegate is not present, can his alternate vote for him?

(2) If the alternate casts the vote, can the delegate change it before the floor vote is taken?

(3) Can a delegate vote one way at the caucus and another way on the floor? and

(4) How can you take a caucus vote when you don't know who the candidates will be, since the formal nominations will not be made until the night session?

All these questions were resolved the way any group of fifth-graders would have resolved them, except that it took the delegates longer.

When the roll was finally called, it produced no surprises —the old names of the party: Steingut, Weinstein, Beame, O'Connor, Crangle, Krim, Shea and Corning were for Humphrey.

But the peace bloc had as many votes. Some Robert Kennedy men—Ted Sorensen, Bill Vanden Heuvel—voted for McGovern, and a few supported Ted Kennedy, but the bulk of the anti-war vote was with McCarthy.

Roll call had been in progress for about ten minutes when a ruckus broke out at the door. The peace delegates who had been singing on the convention floor were trying to get in and vote, and a plainclothes security guard blocked their entry.

"Hey, he's pushing them around," said a pro-peace delegate.

"They should have had the courtesy to be here on time," complained a pro-war delegate.

Burns, fearful of a full-blown fight in the delegation which had been tensed by the demonstrations and the police show of force in the streets, tried to calm the war-peace waters.

"Please, please, we've had a good meeting, let's keep it that way. I'm sure we won't have any more trouble."

The stranded delegates were let in and the roll call concluded. Then, Representative James Scheuer, a reform Democrat from the Bronx, stood up and stirred up a lot more trouble:

"This place has all the trappings of a police state," he said. "Members of the press and members of the public have been subjected to unprovoked physical attack. There is an all-pervasive anonymous police presence in this city with police agents removing their identification and refusing to say who they are."

As Scheuer went on denouncing Daley's police state, the "regulars" in the delegation were growing visibly incensed. When Scheuer finished with his denunciation of the police state, he then suggested that a committee be formed to head off any similar police abuses at the 1972 convention, wherever that might be. Choruses of "Sit down, sit down," thundered at him from the floor. Then a Brooklyn regular, one Monroe Cohen, who had been demanding the floor, got it, but only with the help of Steingut, who demanded that Burns "let the gentleman from Brooklyn speak."

Literally shrieking, Cohen said, "Congressman Scheuer did not here document one single instance of police abuse. The only reason he made his motion is that this morning

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as we were getting on the bus in front of the Sheraton Chicago (headquarters of the New York delegation) to come to the convention, he was asked by a very polite detective in the presence of Erastus Corning (the Albany mayor) and others to show his identification.

"I don't know how you feel about it, but before I left for Chicago, my family was genuinely concerned over my well-being. (Cheers of agreement erupted from the regulars.) I have no complaint with the respect and courtesy we've been accorded."

At that point Burns broke in to call for a voice vote on the move Cohen of Brooklyn had made to table the Scheuer motion. Burns decided by the decibel count that the ayes had won and the regulars stood and cheered. In fact, the nays sounded to the untrained observer as loud as the ayes, but it was very clear what votes the regulars wanted to hear, and Burns went along.

Burns then announced the results of the roll call vote—Humphrey 91½, McCarthy 89, McGovern 2, Teddy Kennedy 2½, with five delegates missing.

[CAUCUSES: PENNSYLVANIA]

OF ALL THE COBWEBBY and Gothic figures dimly glimpsed on flickering screens across the country, the most truly representative of his state's Democratic Party (always excepting the barely post-Jurassic Mayor Daley) was sepulchral-voiced Mayor Joseph Barr of Pittsburgh, the national committeeman from Pennsylvania and chairman of the Keystone State's delegation at Chicago.

His was the voice that solemnly intoned a two-and-a-half-to-one pro-Establishment vote on every roll call, notable only for its occasional injection of a quarter-vote (on the peace plank, 92¼ against, 35½ for), so that it was no surprise on Wednesday night when Humphrey came up with 103¾ of the state's 130 votes.

What nobody explained on the telly was how this could come to pass when on April 23, in the state's primary, the combined Johnson-Humphrey vote was 72,263 against 65,430 for Robert Kennedy . . . and an overwhelming 428,259 for Eugene McCarthy.

Given the existence of a willful minority of Democratic bison fighting to preserve themselves from summary extinction at the hands of the Democratic masses, Pennsylvania provides a sterling example of how politicians control a delegation, no matter whom the people may want.

First of all, 130 votes doesn't mean 130 delegates. The number of *votes* each state gets is set by the rules and depends on congressional representation, but the maximum number of *delegates* is determined by the Democratic National Committee according to a highly complex formula, and assigned early in January. In Pennsylvania's case, no more than 160 voting delegates would get to cast the 130 votes (they got to bring 130 alternates, which makes as much sense as the rest of this procedure).

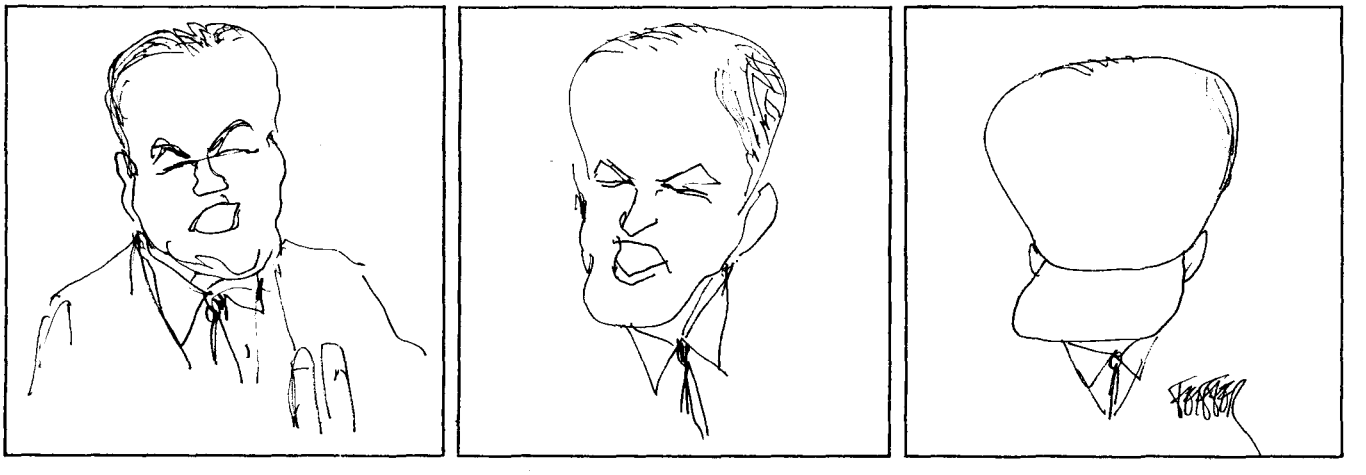
It's up to the state, however, to decide how to choose its delegates and how to apportion its votes among them. In Pennsylvania, the law says that before any candidate can circulate nominating petitions, the state committee shall appoint a proportion of convention "delegates at large." This year, on January 22, the state committee appointed 52 such delegates before anybody was a legal candidate.

The charmingly archaic idea behind this provision is that the delegates will be uncommitted, because nobody knows who's going to run. In practice, of course, that's nonsense. On January 22 everybody knew it would be Lyndon Johnson, and everybody in Pennsylvania knew that the party leaders would pick delegates accordingly.

Along with Barr, the Pennsylvania bosses are Mayor James Tate of Philadelphia; former Gov. George Leader; State Treasurer and Party Chairman Thomas Minehart; and Philadelphia Congressman William Green, whose father used to run the town and help run the state.

All of these were of course themselves appointed (except for Barr, who as national committeeman gets in free as a delegate). The other 48 included Steelworkers' president I. W. Abel, a Johnson stalwart, and a long list of federal and state hacks including onetime national fund-raising chairman Matthew McCloskey. Among the few relatively good guys were Milton Shapp, whose first political move

The Progressive HHH



by Jules Feiffer

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was to swipe the nomination for governor a few years ago (he was defeated by incumbent Republican Raymond Shafer) and Senator Joseph Clark, a caustic, anachronistic dove in the Pennsylvania eyrie.

That's 52 delegates, which leaves 108 to be elected at the April primary—four from each of the state's 27 congressional districts. This is the same election in which McCarthy got three times as many votes as everybody else put together.

BUT THAT DOESN'T mean that he got three out of four of the remaining delegates. The presidential primary—although a lot of Pennsylvanians don't realize it, since the bisons carefully don't explain it to them—has no legal force whatsoever. It's supposed to tell those 52 at-large delegates something, but you can guess how much of the message they got.

The delegates to be elected are listed separately on the ballot—and there's no way to tell from the ballot which candidate any of them supports. Consequently, there's no way for the ordinary voter to know whether he's voting for McCarthy with one hand and for a slate of reactionary delegates with the other. Obviously nobody understands: despite the large size of the vote, the total vote for delegates was about one-third lower than the total vote for presidential candidates.

So, on April 23, in came another 108 delegates, and a clear message to all 130. According to Pennsylvania newsman James Higgins, writing in The Nation (August 19), "Only one of the fifty-two . . . has announced that the primary vote for McCarthy, and for McCarthy's program, will lead him to cast his vote for McCarthy at the convention." The one was Milton Shapp.

Of the 108 electees, only 24 ran as supporters of McCarthy (there were 69 other candidates for delegation seats who supported McCarthy, and the fight was waged in 21 of the 27 congressional districts, so the disparity—and the obvious ignorance of the voters—is even more apparent).

But the bisons weren't through. Not content with having 52 delegates already, and with having conned the voters out of 84 of the other 108 seats, the Tate-Barr operation then announced how the 130 votes would be split 160 ways.

Of the 52 appointees who date from the time when Lyndon Johnson was still politically alive, 42 got full votes, the other ten got half votes. That leaves 83. The national committeeman and committeewoman got a full vote each. That leaves 81 votes to distribute among 108 delegates. The rest of the formula calls for a computer, but now you know where those quarter-votes were coming from.

Even that didn't satisfy the dying bulls of the herd. On the challenge to the Texas delegation, for example, Barr gave the Pennsylvania vote as 98 no, 28 yes. Quick action by the state's McCarthy chairman, Michael Malin, forced a poll, and under the watchful eyes of Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell, it turned out to be 80¾ to 42¼. Congressman Green deserted the leadership to vote for the challengers, along with Senator Clark and some of the state's legislative leaders. Green was hoping for a Kennedy draft and was maneuvering for position just in case.

The events in the streets—despite the tight control of the delegation by Tate and Barr in the amphitheatre—reached the Pennsylvania delegation too. As the convention ended, former Governor Leader was moved to propose a collection for bail for the arrested demonstrators; he was joined by Clark, and although many of Leader's associates set up an uproar, $2400 was collected.

Feelings ran high within the delegation, but nobody went home happy; privately, concession of the state to Nixon in November was unanimous. Leader and Green are looking forward to edging out Tate and Barr for control of the party, but they'll be just about as democratic—small "d"—in their turn. After all, they were in on the numbers game this time.

[MISSOURI: WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HAWKS CAUCUS]

MISSOURI'S GOVERNOR Warren E. Hearnes once looked as if he might be applying for credentials as a dove.

A native of the southeast Missouri "boot heel" and a West Point graduate, Hearnes moved up from the State Senate four years ago on an anti-Establishment platform. Early this year, he surprised a lot of people at the National Governors' Conference by attacking the Johnson administration. And as the Missouri state convention approached, it looked like favorite son Hearnes—as a play for a spot on a Kennedy-Hearnes ticket.

But Hearnes didn't pass the dove test after all. He didn't like Robert Kennedy, and has never liked McCarthy or the type of Missouri Democrat likely to be a McCarthy supporter. By the time the state convention arrived, Hearnes had not only come down for Humphrey, but was ready to move for a unit rule to make sure that the vice president got all 60 votes. Kennedy and McCarthy supporters beat that movement down, but they couldn't do anything about the makeup of the delegation—mostly political bankers or political lawyers or political restaurant owners who could buck Hearnes only at the risk of facing some cold Missouri winters.

The vote on the presidential nomination, which could have been counted weeks before, was Humphrey 56, McCarthy 3½, and a (black) half vote for Channing Phillips.

Hearnes and his state chairman, Delton Houtchins, had a tougher time over Vietnam. In the closed Missouri caucus, Teamsters Union Vice President Harold Gibbons—one of Hearnes' solid Humphrey delegates—announced that he was for the peace plank.

Gibbons—who had previously agreed with UAW President Walter Reuther on the idea—said that he had offered himself as a peace plank speaker if they wanted him, against "the destroying of the freedom that America is supposed to stand for."

Hearnes frowned a little and countered with former aide Eugene Walsh, who gave a bland defense of the platform committee's plank. Then, suddenly, Senator Stuart Symington decided to melt the delegation's solid flesh.

As former secretary of the Air Force, Symington can hardly be called anti-military, and he has supported the administration after several trips to Vietnam. He pointed

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that out—and then went on to say that he had talked to bomber pilots agonizing over having bombed targets without military value. He talked about corruption in the South Vietnamese government, and its autocracy.

There was some more argument—Hearnes saved himself for last, saying cops and troops are needed to maintain law and order, and added that we had beaten the Germans and ought to be able to beat the Vietnamese—and then the vote. Hearnes insisted on a roll call, admitting that on the credentials fight he had invented the figure 40 and 12 because he couldn't get an accurate count.

St. Louis County Chairman Dr. Martin S. Greenberg voted for the majority, although he had argued in discussion for the peace plank. St. Louis attorney Morris Shenker, a longtime Establishment politician, fooled some people by voting for the peace plank. Shenker was more typical; the vote came out to a surprising 36 for the administration, 17 for the peace plank, with seven absent.

But they took their time "tallying," while Sid Salomon and Doc Lawler went to work. Sidney Salomon Jr. owns the St. Louis Blues, a hockey team, and was finance chairman for the Democratic National Committee under Harry Truman; an old pro, he's the new national committeeman. John J. Lawler isn't a doctor despite his nickname; he's an official of the Steamfitters' Union who dispenses a lot of political spending money.

They were still "tallying" when Burleigh Arnold, a bank official, asked for the floor. His Central Missouri State Bank used to get most of the state funds for deposit in the "Establishment" that Hearnes beat in 1964. Now, Arnold said that he had been late, that he had voted for the peace plank without reading the two planks side by side. He changed his vote. Immediately, Morris Shenker said, he too, had re-read the planks. Hearnes announced the count as 38-15 with seven absent.

"It would be a mistake," he added smoothly, " to tell the press that this is the count, because delegates have all the rest of the day and tonight . . ."

Mary Epstein, a gentle blonde from Columbia, Mo., entered politics because McCarthy did. She got on the McCarthy state committee, was elected an alternate delegate from her congressional district, and in the August primary beat out the regulars to become committeewoman. "Jesus Christ," she was saying after the caucus, "you mean this is how the system actually operates? I can't stand it." She was very near tears.

When the vote was announced that night, it was 50-10.

[AFL-CIO-HHH]

THE CONVERSATION was between two union leaders, so one could expect it to be earthy and frank. But it was hardly between two equals, and the other men in the Chicago hotel room were surprised to hear it socked to Walter Reuther just that way:

"Don't give us that bullshit about a possible compromise. Humphrey will be a hawk all the way."

That was Paul Schrade, west coast director of the United Auto Workers, talking to his boss, Walter Reuther, who had just told his people that he was attempting to work out a compromise, more dovish Vietnam plank with his candidate, Hubert Horatio Humphrey.

Reuther's instructions to the some 60 UAW delegates to the Democratic Convention had been equivocal, if not contradictory: "Talk only about a compromise, and don't make waves."

Schrade, the first major west coast union leader to speak out strongly against the war, was clearly impatient with such temporizing. "Labor has done its worst here at the convention," Schrade told Reuther, "and I'm referring to George Meany, specifically."

To call George Meany, the sour-puss head of the AFL-CIO, a cold warrior is to call Max Rafferty a conservative. Meany's leadership, together with other rightists, America firsters, and embittered Social Democrats high in the leadership ranks of the American labor movement, has sufficed to drag labor's position on international affairs two steps back for every half step forward, which makes its foreign policy as sophisticated as that of the 1918 anti-Bolshevism of Woodrow Wilson.

Meany, friends say, dreams at night about kicking his man Hubert upstairs to the Oval Room and drools about it in the daytime. He has even appointed his own special hawk, Al Barkan, to attend policy planning sessions in Humphrey's inner circle of advisors. But that was about all the evil memories of Reuther that Schrade had time for on that convention Tuesday. He was off to chair a Labor For McCarthy luncheon, organized to counter-attack a Humphrey luncheon which Meany had made a command performance for some 350 labor leaders the day before. And when combined rumors of a possible peace plank and a boomlet for Teddy Kennedy set some labor men to thinking independently, Meany reinforced his position with a hastily arranged "panic button" meeting Tuesday morning at which United Steel Workers' I. W. Abel drilled the union leaders in Meany's hard line. Joseph Keenan, secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, confused some of the unionists that morning by charging that "the enemy is getting neo-fascist money." Nobody knew whether he was referring to Nixon or McCarthy, or whomever. He never explained.

Schrade had personal reasons for chairing a lunch supporting a candidate who opposed the war. He was walking with Robert Kennedy through the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles when the assassin's bullets struck the senator. Schrade himself was seriously injured in the attack.

Schrade's chairing of the McCarthy luncheon in the Essex Motor Inn was his first public appearance since getting out of the hospital. At those tables a good cross-section of labor's liberal wing was lined up, and a tiny, though somewhat mighty, liberal wing it is. The split in the UAW's own ranks—its executive committee recently refused to endorse Mr. Humphrey, despite pressure from Walter Reuther—was demonstrated by the fact that both Schrade and Walter's brother, Victor Reuther, and former Reuther aide Jack Conway were also there. So was Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Association (ACWA) head, Frank Rosenbaum; the teamsters' Harold Gibbons; and Dave Livingston, head of the big New York District # 65 of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, which is spelled for conveni-

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ence RWDSU. This assembly of liberal union leaders was an outgrowth of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace which was convened in Chicago last year, but which has had trouble mobilizing any effective strength in the face of the rightist AFL-CIO.

In its stampede to boost Humphrey, the AFL-CIO has, as it has done in other ideological situations in the past, hurt its friends and rewarded its enemies, and incidentally, weakened the position of the workers whose interests it is supposed to represent. The most recent and one of the most outrageous examples of such conduct came during Meany's big push for Humphrey when the AFL-CIO forces at the credentials challenges backed the hand-picked delegation of antideluvian Texas Governor John Connally against the claim of liberal Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough. The senator, who has done many favors for labor as chairman of the Senate Labor Subcommittee—was asking 48 per cent representation for his rank and file group of whites, blacks and Mexican-Americans. Yarborough's challenge lost by about 400 votes, with the AFL-CIO lobbying the difference.

"I don't like the way labor stomped on me last night," Yarborough told unionists at the McCarthy luncheon. "The only way I got into the convention hall is because I'm a senator. The rest of our delegation had to watch it [the convention] on television."

Another labor leader who, like Schrade, was with Senator Kennedy the night he was shot was perky Dolores Huerta of California's Farm Workers' Organizing Committee. She gauged the effect of a sluggish and right-of-center labor leadership on her struggle: "We have been on strike two years," she said, "and we could have been killed as a union if it weren't for the support from people like you in this room. But two years . . . we could have won it by now if only all of labor really got behind us.

"We have had some high hopes for the farm workers. But then I came into Chicago, and I ask myself, how can we expect anything for the brown people of America when we find ourselves in an armed camp in the city of Chicago?"

She began to cry before she could finish, and sat down in tears.

Meanwhile, the band played on. Lumpy George Meany batonned the labor delegates through their convention two-steps with finesse, but the whole tawdry affair between Meany and Humphrey was conducted with all the awkward display of cool exhibited by a couple who have been having an affair for ten years but still think nobody knows.

To maintain the fiction that labor was not improperly manipulating and blackjacking the convention in favor of Meany's number one Man, COPE's Alexander Barkan ran the Humphrey drive in seclusion from an unmarked suite on the 22nd floor of the Hilton. Barkan, who was once described by an associate as a "former right-wing Social Democrat," which to many is just about as right as one can go, also cracked labor's whip from a front-line command post on the convention floor.

The Democratic National Committee gave the AFL-CIO five floor passes (each presidential candidate received 20), thus providing the vice-president with extra arm-twisters on the convention turf. Barkan had a half-dozen labor officials operating on the floor at all times, communicating through walkie-talkies and mobile telephones carried in handbags. Defections in the ranks of labor and labor-influenced (meaning owing favors) delegates were quickly spotted and corrected, since the federation's 221 delegates and alternates were spread throughout 44 state delegations —affording the ever-watchful Meany a hand in every major state caucus.*

As if its treacherous role in the Texas challenge was not sufficiently insidious, the AFL-CIO leadership—which apparently would have voted Republican to help Hubert Humphrey—had the nerve to assign its civil rights director, Don Slaiman, to assist in the fight to seat "loyalist" Alabama.

In another damn-the-torpedoes for Humphrey move, the AFL-CIO's southern civil rights director told the Credentials Committee that the challenge to the racist Georgia delegation, led by Julian Bond, was the work of "outside agitators."

At one time in our history, that phrase was employed against the laboring man seeking to redress his grievances, but it is now the favorite catch-all of people so fat and happy that their nerve endings no longer register when they sit on others. If that isn't a fair description of the state of the Democratic labor hierarchy, then let it go up for arbitration.

[CAUCUSES: THE BLACKS]

FAR FROM THE DOWNTOWN HOTELS in the heart of the Loop and the floor of the Amphitheatre, in the midst of Chicago's South Side ghetto, in a YMCA meeting room, a dance ballroom, and a church, the fight over black America's political direction was being waged by the Democratic Convention's "black caucus."

The front page news in Chicago hit only on two major struggles: between the kids and pigs for control of the streets and the parks on the one hand; and between the Humphrey regulars and the McCarthy insurgents for control over the Democratic Party on the other. Few reporters noticed that a fight of equal consequence was waging, the fight over the political direction of black America.

The major partisans in this fight left Chicago satisfied with a few victories. Although repudiated by his former friends, Bayard Rustin, the one-time organizer of the March on Washington and now a close ally of Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic National Committee, was happy that a black repudiation of the Democratic Party and an endorsement of McCarthy were prevented. He knew that HHH could count on most black delegates, however reluctant

*Some of the labor people working on the convention floor included: Jacob Clayman, originally from the Amalgamated and formerly with the IUD; Bill Kirschner, AFL-CIO representative who worked with Cesar Chavez' Farm Workers' Union in California; Donald Slaiman, AFL-CIO civil rights director; Norm Hill, formerly with the IUD and on Bayard Rustin's staff at the A. Phillip Randolph Institute; Dave Cohen, one-time lobbyist for the ADA and later with the IUD; Sam Fishman of the UAW, Emil Mazey's assistant who was described as one of HH's "chief hatchet men"; Elwood T. Kehrer, Southern civil rights leader for the AFL-CIO; Joe Jacobs, state federation president in Georgia; Harry Boyer, state federation president in Pennsylvania; a group of staff men from I. W. Abel's Steelworkers' Union; and a rotating roster of top international union officers affiliated with the AFL-CIO who were ready for any trouble-shooting tasks.

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they were to support Humphrey (and liberalism) against Nixon in November.

Another group, the "movement oriented" blacks (Bond, Belafonte, Coretta King, Young, Abernathy, etc.) knew they had won some victories, too. The blacks may not be free of the Democratic Party, but, at least, their support is no longer a preordained conclusion. Moreover, the movement blacks helped to prevent an endorsement of Humphrey, aided in repudiating Rustin's moderate pro-Democratic Party leadership, and forced black politicians like Representative John Conyers and Richard Hatcher of Gary, into more militant positions.

However, the real victors in Chicago were the "new breed" of black politicians who successfully rode a tiger—black resentment of the Democratic Party, McCarthy and Humphrey—into a position which they hope will guarantee them power and influence inside the Democratic Party. To do that they blocked Bayard Rustin, a major competitor for the role of "broker," by attacking him for being a "mouthpiece" for the party, and yet they prevented "movement-oriented" blacks from organizing a walkout from the party.

How long men like John Conyers, a black congressman from Detroit; Willie Brown, a black assemblyman from San Francisco; or Richard Hatcher, the black mayor of Gary can ride this tiger is an open question, but at least in Chicago they made definite progress towards advancing an independent black lobby inside the Democratic Party and their own ambitious careers as well.

For the black politicians the victory was only temporary. An increasingly "law and order" conscious Democratic Party will see more and more votes to be won in ruthless suppression of the black community. What the "new breed" sees as their newfound powerful role of "broker" may be a fatal trap.

The appeal for "black unity," an item of faith for all black leaders, will be endorsed in rhetoric but not in substance.

THE BLACK CAUCUS at the convention was born out of the Chicago meetings of the National Committee of Inquiry. It was organized in mid-June in the wake of the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy. John Conyers was the initial organizer and he became one of the co-chairmen along with Coretta King, Martin Luther King's widow. Other prominent black leaders on the Steering Committee were Julian Bond, Richard Hatcher and Harry Belafonte.

The purpose of the committee, Conyers announced in June, was to investigate the reality of black participation in the Democratic Party and to make recommendations to the black community on the presidential candidates. To that end, the committee would interview all presidential candidates.

By long distance telephone and special delivery letters, Conyers and other committee leaders enrolled hundreds of black office holders, entertainers, and movement leaders in the committee. In some cities, like Chicago and Los Angeles, local affiliates of the National Committee of Inquiry were organized. By the time of the Democratic Convention, the committee had become the most powerful political voice on the national scene of black America.

Conyers called a meeting of the National Committee of Inquiry Steering Committee for Gary, Indiana, just 20 minutes from downtown Chicago. It met on Wednesday, August 21, in the office of Richard Hatcher. The purpose of the meeting was to prepare for the meeting called for Saturday, the 24th, of the hundreds of committee members from across the country.

Soon after the meeting began, Conyers realized that the role of the National Committee of Inquiry at the convention would have to be rethought. Although all presidential candidates had been interviewed, the splits in the black community over who should be supported were unreconcilable.

The Steering Committee members knew, for instance, that Louis Martin, the head of the Division of Minorities of the Democratic National Committee, was putting the heat on black office holders to support Humphrey (or at least to hold off an endorsement of McCarthy). Both Martin and his former deputy, George Booker, now head of Minorities for Humphrey, had a powerful clout. Most black office holders depended heavily on DNC money and the aid of its staff for their campaigns. Any "treason" would be dealt with ruthlessly by Martin and Booker. Martin's floor agent was Bayard Rustin.

The McCarthy people could count on Harry Belafonte, Julian Bond, and Coretta King to push their candidate. Although all were angry with McCarthy for his high-handed manner and seeming lack of interest in the plight of the city and the black man, his stand on the war and foreign policy made McCarthy quite superior to Humphrey. McGovern's name was scarcely mentioned, since everyone realized he was only a front for Teddy Kennedy.

The Steering Committee adjourned on Wednesday, having realized that a presidential endorsement was impossible; but it decided to postpone a final decision until the Friday night before the National Committee meeting. In the meantime, the Steering Committee members would keep a close ear to the ground.

The Friday night meeting confirmed, to the satisfaction of the Steering Committee members present, that the splits between McCarthy and Humphrey forces were widening. An endorsement either way was clearly out of the question. In addition, a new sentiment was growing, particularly among movement-oriented blacks, for a complete repudiation of the Democratic Party. A proposal to run Richard Hatcher as an independent black candidate for President was gaining support, as was another to organize a "black out" or black boycott of the presidential election in November.

The Steering Committee agreed to recommend to the larger meeting the next day that no presidential endorsement be made and in its place a report be issued the following Monday—the first day of the Convention—criticizing all the candidates.

The National Committee of Inquiry opened its meeting the next morning in the South Side YMCA. Over 300 black people attended, including a sizeable number of black delegates who arrived early to the convention. Whites and the press were excluded from the meeting.

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From the beginning, the meeting was chaotic. The Steering Committee miscalculated. The central issue among the 300 attending was not the presidential endorsement, but whether or not blacks should split from the Democratic Party.

No one spoke on the floor for either McCarthy or Humphrey. Belafonte accepted the Steering Committee's decision and did not ask for the endorsement of McCarthy. Nor did any office holder ask that Humphrey be endorsed. Fear might have kept some silent. "If someone spoke for Humphrey, he would have been thrown out of the hall," one delegate said.

The overwhelming mood of the meeting was, as one attendee said, "To hell with all the candidates." The strength of this sentiment can be gauged by the loud applause that the candidacy of Eldridge Cleaver received when his name was mentioned in the debate.

Halfway through the meeting, Conyers reported that he had learned that Bayard Rustin was organizing a "black caucus" of convention delegates on the following night.

A. Phillip Randolph, a close associate of Rustin's, had sent out telegrams to most delegates and alternates urging them to attend a meeting at the Pick Congress Hotel, just two blocks from the Hilton, at eight o'clock Sunday evening. Everyone knew what he was up to. Rustin, one black delegate said, "wanted an endorsement of Humphrey, that's his story."

The National Committee of Inquiry successfully nipped Rustin's effort in the bud by agreeing to call its own "black caucus" meeting for the following Monday. However, some Steering Committee members attended the Rustin meeting to keep an eye on things.

Rustin's effort was sabotaged because he was considered a threat by both the black office holders and the "movement-oriented." The black politcians thought Rustin too moderate and cautious for their taste. Rustin did not have any friends in the ranks of the "movement-oriented" blacks either. Since the March on Washington in 1967 and his increasing accommodations to the AFL-CIO and the Democratic Party leadership, suspicions have grown about his real loyalties. His attempt to channel the power of the black movement into the Democratic Party is seen as a move to "coopt and dissipate the strength of the black people in a compromise with a racist Democratic Party."

The Sunday night meeting of the Rustin group was not a success. One black delegate described the group as the "older, more established black Democratic types." No further attempt was made by Rustin to organize a black caucus on his terms. He was content to plan pro-Humphrey strategy with his close allies.

Not only was a black caucus organized for Monday, but, since no further meetings of the National Committee of Inquiry were called, it became the only voice of blacks at the Democratic Convention. This sophisticated move extricated the black politicians from a frightening (to them) situation. If further meetings of the Committee of Inquiry were held, the anti-Democratic Party mood would certainly have been intensified and would have made the strategy of working from inside the party increasingly difficult to defend under attack from the black radicals. A walkout from the Democratic Convention or Party, or an independent black candidate, would have been possible (in retrospect, such decisions would have been quite possible, given the police brutality and Humphrey manipulation of the convention.)

The discussions at the black caucus meetings on Monday proved that the black politicians had made the right decisions. The debate concentrated on floor strategy. A suggestion to boycott the 1968 election got a chilling response from the now overwhelming majority of black convention delegates, most of whom hoped to be re-elected or elected in November (there were 176 black delegates and 125 black alternates at the convention).

The black caucus filled a definite need, moreover, for those black delegates who believed it was useful to fight on the convention floor for the interests of black America. "I need direction. I need direction on credentials. I need direction on the platform . . .," pleaded a black delegate to the committee on Monday.

Members of all the challenging delegations appeared before the caucus and appealed for help on the Credentials Committee and on the floor. The caucus agreed to support all challenges.

In addition, the caucus asked selected members to prepare reports and recommendations for the meeting on Tuesday—the next day—on the Platform Rules, as well as on the Credentials Committee. Another group was asked to investigate the possibility of preparing a minority report on the platform to force the convention to discuss the plight of black Americans.

The Tuesday caucus meeting heard reports on the Platform, Credentials, and Rules Committees. The report from the Credentials Committee, which urged a unified floor strategy in support of the Southern challenges, got far more attention than those from the other committees. One observer attributed this to a reluctance of the top black politicians to be known by the white leaders of the party as "troublemakers." Another observer attributed it to "apathy," since everyone realized how futile resistance to the Humphrey machine was.

The black politicians were worried about having to vote on the presidential nomination. Few wanted to vote for Humphrey, but few could afford voting against him. One suggestion—to boycott the nomination—had a number of the militant black politicians behind it.

Interest, however, at the Tuesday meeting began to focus on running Channing Phillips as a favorite son. Phillips, a not very radical black minister from Washington, D.C., was the leader of the D.C. delegation, a mixture of Kennedy supporters, McCarthy supporters and black and white radicals. As a gesture of protest (and because the delegation could not agree to support McCarthy), they decided, in fact to run Channing Phillips as a favorite son.

With Phillips already assured a floor nomination and substantial votes, the black politicians embraced him as an alternative to voting for or against Humphrey.

With Rustin out of the picture ("Rustin's day is past," said one committee member), an evaluation of Chicago indicates that the coming battle in the black community will be between the "new breed" of militant black politicians who want to advance black Americans with the Democratic Party and the movement-oriented blacks who see the Democratic Party as racist.

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III.
The Fourth Party Is In The Streets

CHICAGO'S CONRAD HILTON HOTEL is not one of those aluminum-and-glass slabs that seem to go with the name, but a massive and unfriendly dark hulk that might, except for its hyped-up street-level facade, be expected to contain the offices of third-rate attorneys and one-man import-export operators. Inside it's something else.

The ground-floor lobby, carpeted in a rich red, the color of peach bloom, is divided by banks of shops into a bewildering maze. Just inside the Michigan Avenue entrance, twin wide staircases sweep up to the right and left, inviting the visitor to the mezzanine and ultimately to the Grand Ballroom.

It was in this ballroom that the important press conferences were held, for the Hilton was convention headquarters. The very important had the Michigan Avenue rooms, from which they could look out across the avenue to the lake shoreline that is the pride of Chicago planners: Grant Park, then Lakeshore Drive partly hidden by trees (and, from the street level, a rise of ground), then more grass and then the lake.

In the thousands of rooms were housed the Humphrey and McCarthy command posts (and those two candidates themselves), the staff of the Democratic National Committee, the press credentials committees, the Texas delegation, and hundreds of reporters. The entire 21st floor was commandeered by Postmaster General Marvin Watson for a possible last-minute re-entry by Lyndon Johnson.

The telephones didn't work, the air conditioning didn't work, the hotel's valet services were cut off and the elevator was so slow and crowded as to be almost useless. So of course that's where everybody wanted to be.

There was, as there should be in a convention headquarters hotel, an air of excitement, almost exhilaration, at the beginning. Much of it came from the bustling air of the young McCarthy workers, who seemed to number in the thousands and who constantly moved through the complex lobby on the multitudinous errands of campaigning, cheering their candidate whenever he entered or left, seeming still to carry the enthusiasm, the hope, the private belief in a miracle that had brought them there from New Hampshire.

Their command post was on the 15th floor. Up on 23, one floor from the top, was McCarthy's personal staff: Richard Goodwin, Blair Clark, Stephen Mitchell, the other important strategists. On the 15th, the kids were crammed, sometimes five or six to a room, sleeping on the floor, most of them not even registered in the hotel (at a political convention, having a hotel room necessarily means unpaid guests at least some of the time). Until Wednesday evening, the kids moved, as convention workers inevitably must, in a bubble of isolation, hearing from others what they themselves had not had time to see or to watch on television.

On Wednesday night, of course, the convention at the amphitheatre was inevitably to come to the McCarthy kids: it was win or lose. But on Wednesday night something else happened: the convention in the streets, too, came to the McCarthy kids.

They looked out the window, and there, across the avenue in front of Grant Park where a legal rally had taken place earlier, several thousand people had regrouped to march on the amphitheatre.

They had broken through the police lines around the bandshell at Grant Park and come streaming by the thousands over the bridges and down Michigan Avenue. From sidewalk to sidewalk they massed, laughing and shouting, "The streets belong to the people. The streets belong to the people." Their morale was at an all time high—they had outfoxed and outflanked the police.

They might not get to the amphitheatre but they had made it back to the Hilton which ranked only second as a symbol of the convention's power and corruption. Massed in the intersection of Michigan and Balbo, fronting on the east wing of the Hilton, their shouts got louder and louder. In the fast enveloping dusk, a draft card flared and burned.

As T.V. trucks moved out from the Hilton parking lot to catch the action and turned huge spotlights on the crowd the kids cheered and flashed the "V for Victory." The politics of death was about to be crowned in the amphitheatre but the politics of life was shouting for birth in front of the Hilton.

The Chicago police, thrown off guard by the sudden thrust over the bridge, began to huddle and regroup to attempt to reassert their control of the streets.

At 7:30 p.m. they charged. They cut a swathe right through the middle of the crowd, flailing away with their clubs at anyone in sight. Anyone was fair game—women, reporters, innocent bystanders pinned up against the side of the Hilton. Though hundreds were injured in the battle there was no panic. The kids fought back with symbolic gestures and their quickness of foot. They kept trying to regroup, but this only made the cops go berserk and they charged again and again. Finally they were able to break up the crowd into small knots and viciously clubbed anyone who couldn't get away.

Some fled into the lobby of the Hilton to avoid the beatings; some escaped into the lobby too late, blood streaming from their heads. Others who entered were even less fortunate; they came, hurled by police, through the glass front of the Haymarket Bar, and then made their way out into the lobby through the bar's inner entrance.

But there was no escape in the lobby. About 30 cops swept in from the avenue as a captain shouted, "Clear the lobby," and without waiting for a response, began to club anyone who might possibly be a demonstrator: in practice, anyone young, anyone with a moustache or long hair or sideburns, any male who wasn't wearing a suit. They made no arrests, but left seven people lying on the floor, their blood staining the carpet a darker red.

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By eight o'clock the first skirmish was over, and Michigan Avenue had been cleared for a half block in either direction from the Conrad Hilton. The demonstrators, ingeniously slipping through police lines, regrouped again and once more faced a police line. In the hotel doorways, in windows, in the lobby, people stared in mute, head-shaking disbelief. Dan Moore, an ABC-TV reporter, was saying into someone else's tape recorder, "I've covered riots in Saigon and Jakarta and I have never seen brutality and sadism like this."

Among the disgusted was Fred Dutton, long a close Kennedy aide (he was special assistant to President Kennedy, later an assistant secretary of State and is now a Regent of the University of California). He came in from the avenue with blood all over the back of his suit—not his, but that of a demonstrator Dutton had pulled out of the chaos and into the lobby. "Maybe," Dutton said later, it would be good if the Democrats lost and Nixon won—then they would learn that they were wrong."

ON THE 15TH FLOOR, the McCarthy kids, like everyone else, had watched in disbelief and horror. But within minutes they had rallied to turn the floor into a battle hospital, because, one of them said, they were afraid that if the wounded demonstrators went to a Chicago hospital they might be beaten again. One group ferried the wounded to the 15th floor in the elevators, while young girls raced from one room to another, tearing sheets off the beds and ripping them to make bandages. There were continued cries for more doctors—while one group organized a series of lookouts, placing the wounded as far from the elevators as possible and providing a warning system in case the cops came.

They came, but only three of them—to tell the McCarthy kids that the hotel management demanded that they stop doing damage to the sheets.

By nine o'clock most of the wounds had been treated, and the McCarthy volunteers returned to the windows. A mass of demonstrators—fewer now, but still 2000 strong—stood solidly across the width of Michigan Avenue. Fifty feet away, 200 cops faced them. Behind the cops were three police vans; behind them, more cops waiting in reserve.

A demonstrator started to sing, and the crowd picked it up: *America, America, God shed His grace on thee* . . . From somewhere in the group, what sounded like a cracked bugle picked up the melody for a few bars, then trailed off. The crowd began an eerie shrieking, in imitation of the Arab women in "The Battle of Algiers." It was this kind of harassment, not the shouted obscenities, that was obviously bugging the cops; there are no obscenities that Chicago cops are not long since accustomed to hearing.

Finally, at the front of the crowd of demonstrators, five or six young people knelt and clasped their hands in an attitude of prayer. Immediately police moved in to drag them away to the paddy wagons; but as each one was arrested, someone else stepped out from the crowd to kneel on the spot. After a few moments of this the police conferred briefly, and shortly after that National Guardsmen began to arrive, to clear Michigan Avenue again.

On the 15th floor there was a stir as the elevator doors opened and Eugene McCarthy stepped out. With him, besides Secret Service agents and a couple of staff members, were Mary McGrory of the Washington Star, poet Robert Lowell and Martin Peretz, who had contributed substantial funds to McCarthy's campaign. McCarthy walked unsmiling to the back rooms of the floor to visit the wounded.

In the first room he found his friend and personal physician, Dr. William Davidson. On a bed was Geoffrey Rake, a McCarthy volunteer who is a medical student at the University of Chicago; the white bandage that swathed his head was clean, but his white medical jacket, which he had been wearing when he was clubbed, was still bloodstained.

In the next room McCarthy found 24-year-old Leslie Sussman, also of Chicago, who was writing for the Chicago area Lerner newspapers but who had a moustache; he had been in the lobby, and he waited now until it would be safe to go to a hospital for the stitches he needed. On the bed beside him in the same room was a boy with his leg torn open from knee to ankle; he had been thrown through a hotel lobby window by a cop.

As McCarthy left to go back to the elevator, he said to no one in particular, "This is what's going to be happening *from now on*," and, *a few seconds later*, "*Six months on* the road for nothing."

THINGS HAD NOT GONE WELL all week for Eugene McCarthy, and the final ironic blow was that the kids, the only element in the campaign that had consistently done its job, were bleeding all over the Hilton floor, a reward meted out by Richard Daley, the very man whom the McCarthy pros were trying, up until the last minute, to court.

Ever since the California primary and the death of Bobby Kennedy, the McCarthy strategists were faced with a fundamental political choice. Up against the wall with less than 600 votes in a convention controlled by power brokers like Daley, by the outgoing Democratic National Committee and Johnson, they could either mount a massive frontal attack on the process by which delegates were selected, or they had the option of being more conservative, muting the mass protests, and trying to convince the delegates through the power brokers such as Daley, Unruh, Governor Rhodes of Ohio, and Governor Connally of Texas. The point they had to sell was that only with McCarthy at the head of the ticket would there be a chance of beating the Republicans and, more importantly, carrying in local candidates in the big industrial states.

The more conservative strategy won out. McCarthy canceled his European trip (his advisors repeated that it would be seen by many as talking to the "enemies of the republic"), told his followers not to come to Chicago to demonstrate, and most importantly, it was decided not to make a militant fight over challenging delegations chosen by northern bosses.

It was easy for the McCarthy forces to support the challenges to the racist delegations of Mississippi and Georgia: there was nothing to lose since the delegations there were disloyal Wallace supporters and had not much standing in the convention. It was a little more difficult to challenge

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Governor Connally's Texas delegation, a challenge McCarthy supported verbally but did not fight for very strongly. The real tough ones were in the North—in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Minnesota, Washington and New York where through manipulation by party hacks and bosses the delegations came nowhere near reflecting the results of primary elections and district caucuses held in those states. To have made vigorous fights over these challenges would have gone a long way toward highlighting the undemocratic nature of the party and created a significant issue to rally party progressives and grass roots people for the next four years. But it would have also meant antagonizing powerful northern party figures such as Daley, and Rhodes from whom the McCarthy strategists still hoped for last minute support.

Joseph Rauh of the ADA, who managed the McCarthy credentials challenges this year (and who was responsible for the compromise on the Mississippi challenge in 1964) had this explanation for the credentials challenge strategy when asked about it by a Maryland delegate: "None of these Northern challenges are important — the South is where we need help."

But the close-to-the-vest strategy moved the bosses not one whit. Mayor Daley toyed with the McCarthy people. He held out a tantalizing noncommitment until the last moment to keep up the image of an open convention and to keep the insurgent McCarthy forces from launching too vigorous an attack on the physical control and security precautions of the convention. Daley's ploy worked. McCarthy people made no criticism of the police or Daley until Wednesday.

["YOU LOST, DIDN'T YOU?"]

AT THE AMPHITHEATRE it ended. Some of the McCarthy kids were already crying; the networks switched to coverage of the demonstration on videotape, and the cries turned to shouts and screams as they watched the viciousness. There was a gasp when the group recognized the Rev. John Boyle, in clerical collar, being hustled into a paddy wagon.

Boyle—a student chaplain at Yale and assistant to the Rev. William Sloane Coffin—had been a McCarthy advance man since the early days of New Hampshire, and was now serving as chairman of Clergy for McCarthy. He had gone out in the street during the beatings to see whether he could be of any help.

"I saw kids being beaten and dragged by their feet," Boyle said later, "and I went to the police and said, 'You don't have to do that' and they pushed me away. Then I saw a McCarthy girl I knew named Betsy Bingsten being clubbed on the shoulder. I ran over and said 'Betsy are you all right?' They had thrown her into the paddy wagon and as I leaned in to ask if she were okay, two cops started beating me with their fists and then threw me into the wagon."

It took several hours to bail out the Rev. Boyle—the police were allowing only attorneys who were members of the Chicago bar to handle the arrests.

Slowly—and spontaneously—the McCarthy kids went downstairs. On the sweeping twin stairways of the Conrad Hilton lobby they gathered, a thousand of them, watching the doors of the Grand Ballroom, in which McCarthy had called a press conference. "The Democratic Party is dead," they began to chant, and then, more simply, "Peace now, peace now!" A middle-aged lady wearing a Humphrey button pushed her way past the edge of the crowd, snorting, "You lost, didn't you?"

As McCarthy arrived, he could hear the new chant of his supporters—"Fourth party, fourth party!" But they weren't allowed into the press conference.

He was his usual diffident self: the police had "overreacted"; he had lost because "the political procedures don't respond to the judgment of the people." He was asked whether his kids would go into the streets now, out of frustration, and he replied, "They will make out all right and they will serve the country well." Outside on the stairs, they sang "We Shall Overcome."

In the doorway of the hotel, John Kenneth Galbraith was in a shouting argument with a policeman who had told him to "move along" when he stopped to answer a reporter's question. A police captain recognized Galbraith and rushed up to apologize.

On the 23rd floor, Richard Goodwin's door was open, and on his intercom system—intended for communication with the floor and elsewhere in the city—voices were coming over the speaker. One of the walkie-talkies was at the scene of another confrontation and describing the scene. Another was at the amphitheatre, describing the beginning of a candlelight march of 400 to join the demonstrators in the park. Goodwin and Allard Lowenstein had bought the candles at a Chicago synagogue before the beginning of the evening session. Someone wanted to know whether McCarthy could go down to the park; someone in the hotel said that it wouldn't be a good idea to ask McCarthy to do that now. The marchers, said the amphitheatre walkie-talkie, were "not hippies—just delegates and people."

On the 15th floor, they were tearing up old press releases and throwing them out the window. Every movement group had come to Chicago with the idea of capturing the McCarthy kids. Now, in the lobby, a lot of those kids were leaving to go across the street.

[THE GESTAPO RAID]

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT McCarthy headquarters had been a battlefield hospital. By early Friday morning, in the escalating, massive retaliation of the Chicago police the 15th floor of the Hilton became a war zone. For most of the police there was never any difference between the demonstrators in the street and the McCarthy kids—and by the end of the week there was in fact very little.

At 5:30 a.m., eight or ten police and hotel guards came pouring out of the elevators and charged down the corridors. They found a suite with about 15 young McCarthy staff members still up, sitting around singing songs and exchanging postmortems on the week's events. The police charged into the room claiming that objects had been thrown out of the room down onto some of the National Guardsmen still surrounding the hotel. The police rousted everyone

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and forced them toward the elevators. In the meantime, other policemen were going up and down the corridors, dragging people out of their bedrooms. Wendy Wayne, a McCarthy worker who had fallen asleep on a couch in one of the rooms, awakened to find herself being dragged off the couch by a police officer. Her head hit the floor. Finally allowed to stand up, she asked the officer if she could go back to the room for her purse and sweater—the officer refused and called her a "bitch." She was pushed toward the elevator where other McCarthy aides were being dragged. One of the workers there was George Yudich, a 31-year-old press aide from Boston who had left a job as a language editor for a textbook publishing house to work for McCarthy. A four-year Air Force veteran, Yudich began asking the cops on what authority they were forcing everyone off the floor, at which point one policeman hit Yudich across the neck with his stick and three others beat him over the head before 20 witnesses.

Yudich was finally helped out of the way by Mary Beth McCarthy, the Senator's niece. She was going to take him to the 23rd floor, to the Senator's suite, and while they were waiting for the elevator a police officer of rank walked over to Yudich and threw a glass of whiskey over his suit, all the while smiling and saying he was sorry. When John Warren, a 24-year-old lawyer from California witnessed this melee and raised an outcry, he was sprayed in the face with Mace and had a police night stick broken over his head. Mary Beth McCarthy, weeping hysterically, finally got Yudich up to the 23rd floor and into her uncle's suite. Senator McCarthy was awakened and went downstairs to lodge a protest with the police, but by this time it was too late. The other 20 or so McCarthy workers were herded down into the lobby and forced out of the hotel.

On the afternoon after the police raid, George Yudich sat glumly on a couch on the 15th floor as the last remnants of the six-month crusade were being dismantled. Surveying the wreckage around him, looking at the bloodstained carpet near the elevator, he said, "I guess I grew up fast at 31. I was tear-gassed twice and beaten by the police—all without provocation." Yudich, for whom this was his first political effort (he had only voted twice before in his life and one of those votes was cast for Lyndon Johnson), found that the experience had changed his political thinking. "I now find myself a liberal bordering on being a radical," he said. Then, looking up angrily, his head swathed in bandages, he said, "I don't like someone pissing on my head and calling it rain."

The lesson had been tough, and the "Clean for Gene" crew had few remaining illusions about the political process they had hoped to reform from within. One girl who had been with it from New Hampshire said, "Well, from now on it's the Battle of Algiers—there's no room anymore for the good loser Stevenson thing."

[A PARTY OR THE STREETS?]

THE HUMPHREY-DALEY meatgrinder left the insurgents at the convention with four options: to remain in the Democratic Party at the local grassroots level, refusing to support Humphrey but working for a Goldwater-type takeover of the party in 1972; to help organize a new fourth party and convince McCarthy or some other prominent figure to run; to work for the Peace and Freedom Party, which is running Eldridge Cleaver for President and on the ballot in New York and California; or simply to go into the streets for the next three months, creating two, three, many Chicagos and disrupting this years presidential elections.

For the first 72 hours following Humphrey's nomination, most attention seemed to focus on something tentatively called the New Party. A brainchild of Marcus Raskin, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington (and the only defendant acquitted in the Spock trial), the New Party is the result of meetings held in June among a few Kennedy and McCarthy types, offshoots of Allard Lowenstein's Coalition for an Open Convention meeting in Chicago, who began planning the steps necessary to get the party on the ballots in as many states as possible by November. Raskin expected a Humphrey victory and arrived in Chicago with about 20 full-time cadres at the beginning of the convention. He set up shop at the University of Chicago and sent his people out to talk up the fourth party among dissident Deomcrats.

Raskin hopes that the fourth party will get on the ballot in 25 states with approximately 290 electoral votes as of September 21st. With some seemingly fantastic juggling of figures, the New Party's brochure projects McCarthy at the head of its ticket and shows him getting 150 electoral votes in November, thus throwing the election into the House of Representatives. Apart from this chancey numbers game, however, there is the rub that McCarthy has repeatedly said that he will not consider running on a fourth party ticket—indeed, only what he ambiguously called a "substantive effort" would even win his support.

The meetings of the new group in Chicago seemed to be plagued by the same wrangling and confusion that characterized most left-wing organizational efforts. At the last of five meetings, which included some dissident delegates, held at the University of Chicago on the Friday after Humphrey's nomination, the New Party people talked of running McCarthy as a "passive candidate," even if he disavowed the effort. An interim national committee was elected which includes Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul and Mary), Herbert Hoover (a Republican peace candidate from Iowa, the grandson of the original), Cornelius Givens, a black militant, and Warren Nielson, an ex-Peace and Freedom Party organizer from San Diego. Delegates at the meeting perked up when it was announced that Paul Newman and Gore Vidal were going to support the New Party.

Raskin realizes that without McCarthy the prospects for the New Party are very limited this year, but he said, "No matter how far we can go this year, we intend to set up a new party for the future."

In the meantime, peripatetic Allard Lowenstein, with a stake in the Democratic Party now that he is running for Congress in Long Island, is organizing still another of his quickly-fashioned "coalitions" to keep some of the McCarthy dissidents, particularly from New York, within the party. Lowenstein's new group has been dubbed "the New Democratic Coalition" and Lowenstein says it "represents the majority of the Democratic Party and the present leader-

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ship of the party does not reflect the majority." "We will not take a position on the presidential election," he continued. "We intend to try and elect as many congressmen and other candidates as we can who reflect our point of view."

Without McCarthy or a comparable national figure leading it, the fourth party remains a vacant shell—a vacuum where middle-class white peace activists can begin thinking about and planning new strategies of electoral politics, and a respectable means of voting no for many Democrats in November.

But for many of the McCarthy kids, such a prospect is too tentative and inappropriate a response to the outrage of Chicago. By Friday afternoon, many of them were drifting away from the fourth party meeting at the University of Chicago, after six months of politicking, tired of more organizational meetings. "Fuck it," one of them said to no one in particular, "the fourth party is in the streets."

Jack Newfield reports that just after he won the California primary last June 4, and several minutes before he was assasinated, Robert Kennedy said, "I'm going to chase Hubert Humphrey's ass all over the country." Now, in a different sense, the white radicals and even the young McCarthy idealists—the veterans of Chicago's street battles—have taken up the chant.

"I think it's pretty obvious what's going to happen this fall," says Rennie Davis. "There'll be Chicagos everywhere the candidates go. People will be out to challenge and confront them. I think we should work to make the presidency illegitimate. This year there will be more of a focus on the elections than radicals usually take. There will be a lot of organizing around the ballot box by both the radicals and church people. I think there may be as many as 10,000 arrests on election day."

Jerry Rubin and the Yippies are talking about another Chicago-style demonstration to try to disrupt the inauguration of the president in Washington next January. Dave Dellinger the middle-aged, soft-spoken pacifist leader of the Mobilization, assents: "The movement's alternative to electoral politics is in the streets. Nobody is fooling around trying to be respectable anymore."

There is even qualified endorsement from Marcus Raskin, who feels that electoral politics must go hand and hand with demonstrations and pressure from outside the system. "When people are closed out of the electoral process," says Raskin, "they vote with their feet."

The prospect is for a lot of running this fall—but not the kind that Hubert Humphrey is so good at.

[POWER IN THE STREETS]

THE ULTIMATE COMMENT on Chicago may have been uttered to Hubert Humphrey by his long time friend admirer, advisor, yogurt-in-residence physician and confidante, Dr. Edgar Berman as both settled back into the comfort of a jet-ride to homey Minnesota after the debacle at the stockyards. Humphrey, who had become increasingly upset over what, until Thursday, he had jokingly referred to as "the other convention" asked Berman for his opinion of what impact, if any, the street demonstrators would have on the November elections.

Berman, always the reassuring physician to Hubert, muttered some soothing inanities and closed with the observation that, "I remember how wild and radical you once were Hubert. Give these kids time and a few baths, some of the comforts, a stake in the establishment. They'll come around. Radicalism is a glandular condition. We all outgrow it sooner or later."

Our source for the above story is a person close to the Humphrey inner sanctum. It may sound apocryphal, but it carries the measure of the man and those around him. For the fact is that Hubert Humphrey left Chicago dumber than when he arrived. In the streets below his 25th floor Hilton suite one era was ending and another was announcing itself, and Hubert Humphrey, once a university political science professor, responded to it like a crusty old schoolmaster whose classroom has been invaded by the neighborhood gang.

The battle on the streets of Chicago is perhaps best looked at, as a credentials fight. The demonstrators believed that they carried a mandate as legitimate as any credentials from the Democratic Party—to represent the poor, the black, the young and those otherwise disenfranchised in our society. Since such redress is not available within the structure of the Democratic Party it must be taken outside of it. The Democratic Party had its time of testing in Chicago—in the convention and on the streets—and everywhere it failed miserably.

If Humphrey hasn't yet learned that lesson it will shortly pound its way uncomfortably into his consciousness, as he travels around the country. In Chicago the radicals and the McCarthy students found power in the streets, a power denied to them in the caucuses of the majority party controlled for Humphrey by Johnson and Daley.

Now they will perfect their ingenious street tactics in the next few months to make good their promise to "Dump the Hump." Humphrey's "politics of joy" is definitely in danger. In the streets of Chicago the kids, though they paid a bloody price, showed that there are limits to the repressive power that even a Daley can wield against those people who are prepared to defend their independence.

[A RAMPARTS SPECIAL REPORT]

STAFF: *Lawrence Bensky, Steve Chain, Steve Diamond, Jon Frappier, Art Goldberg, Marianne Hinckle, Warren Hinckle, Mary Kaplan, Sandra Levinson, Mark Libarle, Gene Marine, Jake McCarthy, Mary Morhoff, Joseph Nalven, Sydney Schanberg, Robert Scheer, Dugald Stermer, Sol Stern, Peter Stone, Leslie Timan, Lee Webb, Nancy Weber, Sydney Zion.*

PHOTOGRAPHERS: *Jeffrey Blankfort, Eve Crane, Mary Ellen Mark.*

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Then Colonel Martha Raye said, "When the General and I see these boys, well, it makes me proud to be an American *woman*."

—August 10, 1968. The Young Marines Pageant at the Marine Corps League Convention, held at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Photograph by Miriam Bokser

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The Teenie Militarists

by Craig Karpel

In January 1963, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara informed the House Armed Services Committee that he wasn't happy with the college Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) program and explained some changes that he wanted to make. Late in his statement, he got around to the younger generation: "Presently, the Army supports a 'Junior' ROTC program in nearly 300 public and private high schools at a cost of over $6 million a year (including the cost of the services of 200 officers and 700 enlisted men). After thorough study, we have serious doubts whether most of this program is worth the cost. The study clearly indicates that the program does not basically contribute to the production of commissioned officers or to mobilization requirements and military readiness. Therefore we propose, beginning in 1964, to convert these 'Junior' ROTC units to National Defense Cadet Corps status. . . ."

He probably didn't expect to get away with it.

The Army was permitted to establish the Junior ROTC programs under the National Defense Act of 1916. War Department Memorandum No. 145-45 said that the object of the course "is primarily to lay the foundation of intelligent citizenship by inculcating in the student habits of precision, orderliness, courtesy, correctness of posture, and deportment, leadership, and respect for and loyalty to constituted authority, and to give . . . basic military training. . . ." The Army assigned officers and enlisted men to teach the three-year, 96 hours per year course, and provided uniforms, guns and instructional materials. Students who completed the course became eligible to take ROTC in college without basic training.

The National Defense Cadet Corps was organized under the same act. The Army gave NDCC high schools guns and textbooks, but no uniforms and no instructors. For the schools, the Junior ROTC is obviously the better buy.

For the Army, of course, it's the other way around. When Secretary McNamara made his presentation in 1963, only three schools had been added to the JROTC roster since 1936—one in Hawaii and two in the Canal Zone. Between 1947 and 1963, more than 500 schools had applied for JROTC. All were turned down, and only 75 saw enough merit in the military curriculum to opt for it, minus the gravy, by joining NDCC. Finally, the Pentagon decided to see whether the JROTC program could be painlessly excised.

It couldn't.

The American Legion resolved that any such plan meant that "the Department of Defense [DOD] has subscribed to what the leftists and so-called pacifists have been trying to accomplish for years and is playing directly into the hands of our deadly and implacable enemies." Congressman F. Edward Hébert, a Louisiana Democrat, said that JROTC was "a workable program, already in existence, which does much to combat juvenile delinquency and disrespect for discipline." Hébert and Indiana Republican William Bray came up with a bill which, instead of ending JROTC, would expand it to include the Navy and Air Force, increase participation to 2000 schools, and make enrollment compulsory for all able-bodied boys in those schools.

By September, predictably, Defense was in retreat and had come up with a proposed bill which would cut down the cost of JROTC while retaining the program unchanged. When DOD spokesmen explained their plan, Representative Bray was ready. "I always keep in mind that every fellow traveler in America and every 'pinko' student is against the ROTC," he said, "but is very much in favor of strong Russian military force. . . . I trust that their . . . loud-mouth, jackass talk is not having any influence on the Department in its idea to do away with the Junior ROTC. I am not saying that it is, but I just hope that is having no influence on it."

Defense, which was in trouble at the time with the National Education Association for the way in which it operated its own schools (on military bases), still wanted no part of financing and administering a program to win the hearts and minds of the children of the American countryside. The best they could get out of the Senate, however, was a reduction in the total number of participating schools from Hébert's 2000 down to 1200. The bill became the Reserve Officers Training Corps Vitalization Act of 1964, and—although he expressed reservations—President Johnson signed it in October 1964.

According to the act's provisions, the President has the option of promulgating some regulations. On January 1, 1966, he finally declared that the expansion to 1200 schools and 240,000 boys would be accomplished over a period of five years beginning with 1966-67; that active duty personnel would no longer be assigned to high schools and that their places would be taken by retired officers and enlisted men. The schools would have to pay such instructors the difference between their pensions and what they would receive if on active duty; DOD would reimburse the schools for half of that. And the cost per student, it was said, would go down by nearly two-thirds.

In fact, the cost has doubled. In fiscal 1963, there were 67,568 students in JROTC, at a cost to the DOD—according to an estimate by then Undersecretary of the Army Stephen Ailes—of $80 per student. This year, the Army alone will have 117,000 students in its program at a cost of $160 each. Yet DOD spokesmen now deny that the cost bothers them at all. Captain P. G. Saylor, USN, acting deputy assistant secretary of Defense (reserve affairs), told me, "I am not aware of any objection to the Junior ROTC program in DOD, or even any undercurrent of feeling against it."

Captain Saylor used the militarization of the country in general as a justification for militarizing high schools. "I suppose," he said, "that some persons would argue against the Junior ROTC program on the premise that it introduced 'militarism' into public schools. But when you consider that

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well over half of the federal budget is for national defense, I think it is beneficial for our high school students, as future taxpayers and voters, to learn some basic facts about the requirements for national security and their personal obligations as citizens."

THE ARMY JROTC AND NDCC PROGRAMS of instruction are prescribed by the U.S. Army Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Army Training Program (ATP) 145-10 outlines a three-year, three hours per week course which includes hygiene and first aid, American military history, small-unit tactics, communications, weapons, marksmanship, counterinsurgency and something called "Leadership, Drill and Exercise of Command." The latter item takes up 36 of the 96 hours a year.

Cadets are issued the three-volume *Junior ROTC Manual*, the first volume of which offers a laconic, pragmatic view of our military history. On page 260 it states: "The case of Vietnam illustrates graphically the danger and sacrifice the United States is willing to suffer on behalf of its policy of military assistance in opposition to aggressive communism." Five pages later, in a section called, "Mission in the Dominican Republic," one learns that, "The experience was not without its casualties and its critics, but it could hardly be denied that it had set a historical precedent in the use of troops under an inter-American command that might have very significant results in the future."

Of the various JROTC courses, only the Army's deals with combat-type weapons. And the student is encouraged to think beyond the items of regulation issue: "A boobytrap is an explosive charge which is exploded when an unsuspecting person disturbs what appears to be a harmless object. The boobytrap shown in figure 137 is typical of one of a great variety which can be improvised in the combat area from available materials." Figure 137 shows a fireplace with three sticks of dynamite stuffed up the chimney, a time fuse and "nonelectric blasting cap" appended thereto, and a fire with its flames licking the fuse.

In at least 68 of the 442 public high schools that now have Army JROTC, selling the program is no problem: it's compulsory. In Chattanooga, Memphis and Atlanta, for example, the school boards have decided that every able-bodied boy must take the course. Not even conscientious objection is considered a valid excuse.

"By law," Colonel Everette Stoutner (chief of the ROTC, U.S. Military Academy, Officers Candidate School Division) explained, "each unit is required to maintain a minimum enrollment of 100 students. A school might make its program compulsory for one, two or three years in order to maintain the minimum enrollment requirement. But the Army has never established a position as to whether Junior ROTC programs are to be compulsory or voluntary."

Washington, D.C., has never had a legally compulsory program, but until recently no one had bothered to tell that to the local high school students (91 per cent of whom are black).

Washington has had a cadet corps since 1882. In 1907, Congress decreed that every male high school student had to join it unless he had a medical excuse from a school doctor or a written request for nonparticipation from his parents. Until recently, school authorities met this requirement by sending home enlistment blanks on which each parent indicated whether his son was to be enrolled or excused. (The same procedure continued when the cadet corps became an NDCC program in 1921.)

After World War II, interest among the students—particularly the white students—fell off, and enrollment dropped below 100 in some schools. In 1951, Second Army headquarters told the school board that unless enrollment picked up, the Army would withdraw support. By December 1951, the schools had scheduled their cadet drill during school hours instead of afterwards; in January 1952, they quit using enlistment blanks and simply enrolled every male student. A boy was excused only if his parents took the initiative and formally requested that he not participate.

On October 31, 1965, the assistant superintendent for secondary schools, John Koontz, sent a memo to the high school principals, noting that "ready and cheerful obedience to orders develops respect for constituted authority," and continuing: "Under no circumstances should boys be given the impression that they are not automatically enrolled in Cadets and that all they need to do in order not to serve is to bring a written request from their parents that they be excused." The administration's next step was to start advising pupils that notes from home weren't enough: the parents would have to come to school for a conference in order to have their sons excused. But the conference method didn't satisfy Mrs. William A. Delano.

Mrs. Delano's eldest son was indeed excused, following an annoying hassle, after he had been enrolled without her knowledge. In March 1967, another son, in the ninth grade, told her that he had "automatically" been signed up. Mrs. Delano called Susan Filson of the Washington Post, who wrote a story on March 20, quoting Assistant Superintendent Koontz. School officials had fostered the impression that the military training was compulsory, Koontz said, "because we believe so strongly in the value of this program."

The Post story was effective. On March 23, Koontz sent out a memorandum to be read in high school assemblies. It stated that, "(1) Students are to be informed that they may be excused from Cadets upon the submission of a letter from their parents requesting that they be excused; (2) Such an excuse shall be in effect the remainder of the student's high school career; (3) No conference need be held with parents."

At that time 6857 boys—72 per cent of those eligible—were cadets. The following spring 4373 boys were enrolled—fewer than 46 per cent. Although there is still pressure, particularly in black schools where principals think the pupils "need the discipline," NDCC may be on the way out in Washington.

THE NAVY'S JROTC STARTED last September with 39 schools and 6400 boys. This fall there will be 55 schools and about 13,000 boys. By 1971, there are supposed to be 275 units, of which 30 will be Marine Corps programs. Commander R. T. Williams is in charge of running the program for the Bureau of Naval Personnel (NAVPERS). "We're not trying to play up militaristic objectives at all," he told me. "Joining Navy Junior ROTC is like joining an extracurricular activity—like joining band."

But it isn't extracurricular, and it's a little more ideological than most high school bands. Consider, for example, Curriculum for Naval Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps, sophomore year (NAVPERS 93821), which has this to say about the 18th and 19th meetings of the course, dealing with "Organization for National Security":

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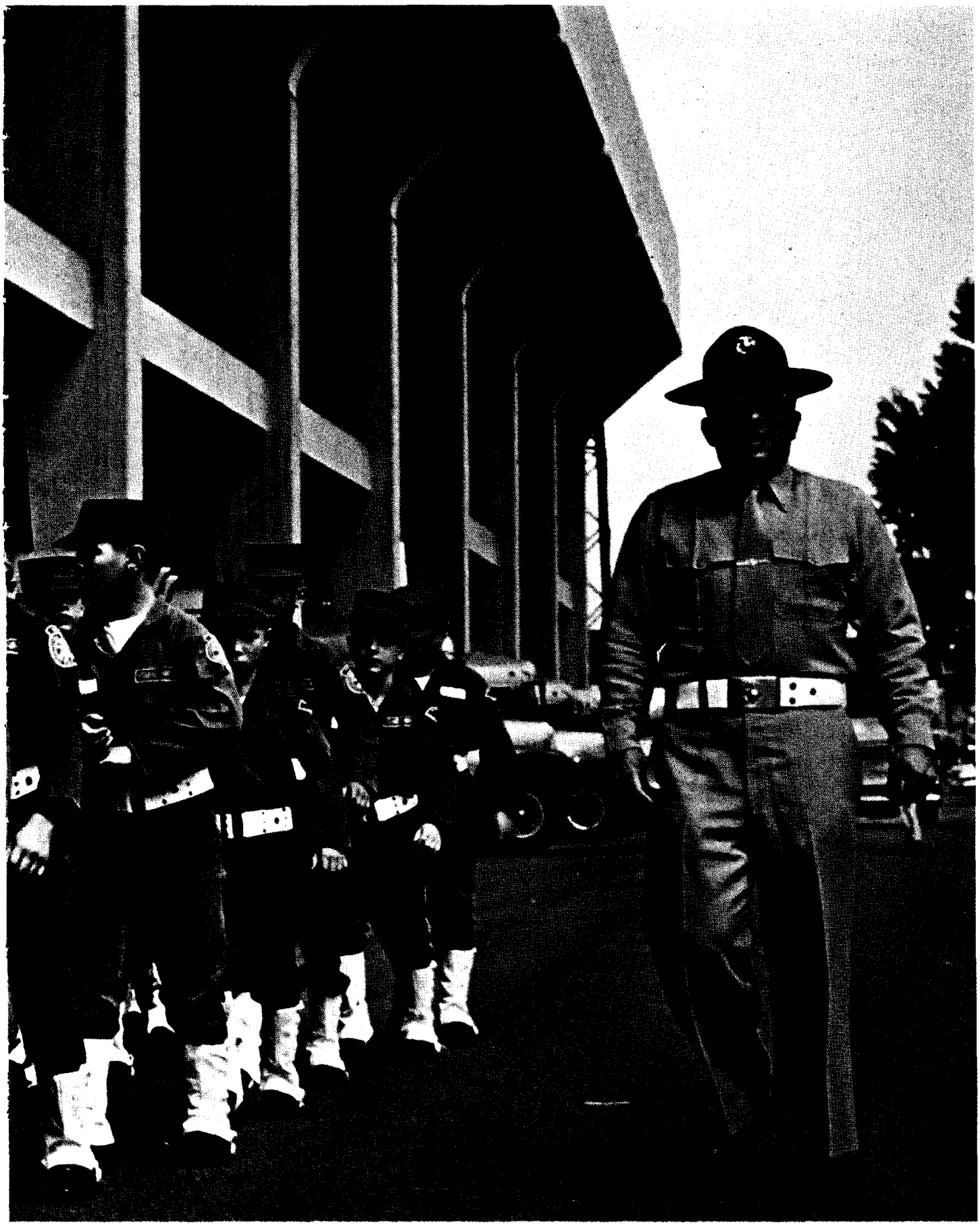

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A. LEARNING OBJECTIVES

1. At the conclusion of this topic the cadet will know that communistic influences are active in the United States and that our young people are a prime target.

B. SUGGESTIONS FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

1. The suggested film makes an excellent presentation on communistic activities in the United States and stresses the need to be aware of these influences.
2. Steer clear of getting into local level situations. In many communities the fringe element may feel that this is a topic which they can attack.

Session 94 discusses the Korean War: "Picture this conflict as communist aggression intended to test the determination of the Western Powers to stem the tide of communism." On counterinsurgency, NAVPERS 93821 says: "Stress that counterinsurgency is a major concern of national leaders and defense planners. U.S. involvement in counterinsurgency is essential if our democratic way of life is to survive."

The Air Force's JROTC has been cranking up even faster than the Navy's. Last year it operated 65 units; this year there will be 114.

Although the Air Force did not have a JROTC program prior to September 1966, it did have extensive exposure at the high school level through the Civil Air Patrol, a private organization of civilian volunteers who fly rescue missions, teach flying and promote the Air Force. Since May 1948, CAP has been the official auxiliary of the Air Force; its national commander is a senior Air Force officer appointed by the secretary of the Air Force, and he has 374 active duty Air Force personnel to help him out. CAP operates the largest private cadet corps in the country, with more than 47,000 members, aged thirteen through eighteen (20 per cent are girls).

The Air Force drew heavily on the USAF-CAP "coordinated high school aerospace education program"—now taught at about 700 schools—in developing its JROTC aerospace education course. Major Charles L. Hyland, Air Force ROTC staff officer, is a veteran of four years of teaching ROTC at Harvard, and has an academic demeanor that undercuts his military tonsure and Burma Road moustache. "We put a heavy emphasis on academic respectability," he says. "Our goal has been to attain academic acceptance on the high school campus. We've had to get away from drill."

Section 203.g of the official curriculum guide notes that, "Only the cognitive aspects of Aerospace Education are covered in the subject matter listings; attitudinal aspects are expected to develop from the type of character of leadership provided by the Aerospace Education staff." Asked what this means in practice, Major Hyland told me, "We call it 'citizenship training.' We put a kid in a position where he is responsible to somebody and people are responsible to him. We establish chains of command to teach them this aspect. Responsibility is not just a concept to these kids—it's a real thing for them because they have it in this program."

LIEUTENANT COLONEL BURNHAM W. ("BUD") Cowdery, USAF, retired, is aerospace education instructor at Danbury High School in Danbury, Connecticut. I observed his "leadership laboratory," which used to be called "drill."

"They're being graded on leadership," Colonel Cowdery said. "Each one is graded on how well he leads the others in drill. We started out the year with 55 boys—we're finishing with 45. I just kicked out one boy. He's got a warped mind. He got his picture taken and printed in the paper collecting money for the poor march. That was the last straw—why, we've got jobs right here in Danbury, and we should take care of our own poor people. He was kind of an oddball to begin with, actually. I tried to get him to cut his hair, but it just kept getting longer and longer. Finally he started wearing *beads*—I don't know, he must have hung around with the wrong kind of people. I let the other boys loose on him one day in class, but it didn't do any good.

"We've come a long way from September," he continued. "We've got a tremendous esprit de corps. The boys have learned to discipline themselves. They turn each other in for smoking in the boys room. They threw one kid out of school for five days for smoking in the boys room. They're real go-getters, too. They held a candy sale and a car wash to raise money for our cadet lounge.

"I haven't been able to do as much here as I'd like to," Colonel Cowdery went on. "The school administration won't even let me recruit.

"You see, the town is very anti-military—we try to steer clear of military things. We don't even have any rifles—just two wooden ones for the color guard. The president of the school board, and a lady whom I'd describe as the number two person on the board, are opposed to the program. They're Jewish people—the president is a rabbi, in fact. A lot of the opposition to the program comes from the Jewish people around here. They say this is the start of a Hitler Youth corps. I just can't understand where they got that. The only thing I can figure is some of them had close relatives over there. It's ridiculous to think that the U.S. Air Force would be a party to something like that, a Hitler Youth corps. But I think I'm beginning to win the lady board member over."

Only one of the two "Jewish people" on the board actively dissented from the decision to bring the program in. June Goodman, chairman of the legislative committee of the Connecticut Association of Boards of Education, said the program would add to the "terrible pressures under which today's youth are already living," and that she thought eighteen was soon enough for young men to become involved with the military. The men on the board told her to be "realistic."

JROTC comes to most school districts when administrators find out about it through recruiting letters from the services. Local administrators like the opportunity to hire a few teachers at one-fourth the normal cost, and school boards are often eager to grab any form of federal aid.

Danbury Superintendent of Schools Edward Sillari, for example, got the offer of AFJROTC in the mail and asked for more information. Sillari came before the school board in December 1966, and told them what the Air Force had told him—that they would choose a limited number of schools for 1967-68 from among applicants throughout the nation.

The fact is that the Air Force chose 47 schools for 1967-68, but two backed out, leaving it six below its quota. The Air Force will have 114 schools this fall; according to Appendix to the Budget for Fiscal Year 1969, page 277, it is supposed to have 120. In other words, Air Force "selection" is a pretty routine matter.

On March 1, 1967, the Air Force announced "selection" of

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Danbury. The Committee on Educational Development of the Connecticut Association of Public School Superintendents met to discuss whether the state should welcome or discourage Pentagon high school programs. Dr. George Champlin, director of the state's Bureau of Elementary and Secondary Education, said he was all for aerospace education, but "to assume . . . that this program can be developed more appropriately by the Air Force and taught more effectively by officers of the Air Force rather than by science teachers whose professional field of competence is teaching is not defensible. . . . These proposals . . . are aimed basically at influencing our youth of fourteen years of age towards a career in the Armed Forces—a vocational objective—and at indoctrinating our youth into a military pattern of thinking and acting. No evidence has been presented to indicate that the situation today is so serious that the United States must move to induct into the armed forces boys of fourteen years of age. . . ."

But the state's commissioner of education wanted it left up to local boards to decide, so the Air Force came to Danbury. It may not stay. Colonel Cowdery has lined up only 89 cadets for 1968-69, but Sillari says, "It will continue next year on an expanded basis. I think it has to reach 100 by the third year." According to Congress it had to reach 100 before it started, but that doesn't seem to bother anybody.

THE IDEA OF A PRIVATELY OPERATED military corps for children is not new. For years, any community worthy of a water tower has had paramilitary training for some of its boys. Most of these programs are small. A few, like Suffolk County's (New York) 1500-boy Allied Nautical Cadets, are huge. These groups usually meet once a week after school, with some sort of informal assistance from local reserve or National Guard units and armed forces recruiting stations. Surplus uniforms and equipment are sometimes made available. The program of instruction is usually plenty of close order drill, followed by a smattering of military lore gleaned from readily available DOD texts, followed by plenty of close order drill.

In the last few years, though, two national organizations, closely affiliated with the Marine Corps and the Navy respectively, have gotten into the act. Liaison with the Pentagon is tight, and the support the services make available enhances the prestige of the programs.

Young Marines (YM) is the children's subsidiary of the Marine Corps League. The program, nationally chartered by the League in October 1965, now has approximately 9000 members, ages eight to seventeen.

Marine Corps Order 5760.2A of March 7, 1964, explains the relationship of the Corps to the League: "The Marine Corps League is a legal entity separate and distinct from the Marine Corps. However, the Marine Corps endorses the purposes for which the League was created. Since membership of the League is composed entirely of Marines and former Marines, a strong, viable organization operating within its stated purposes is consistent with the best interests of the Marine Corps."

A YM can be promoted through seven ranks from private first class to sergeant major. In order to be promoted to private first class, the YM must, among other things, "respect parents and elders at all times" (Home and Outside Activities) and "use 'sir' and 'ma'am' when addressing elders." To reach lance corporal, he must memorize all verses of the national anthem (Citizenship). In order to rate sergeant, he must "make his own bed daily and take care of his room—and not associate with persons who disregard authority or are in trouble with authority" (Home and Outside Activities).

The Tarrytown, New York, Young Marines meet Friday evenings at the Pennybridge Elementary School. I was greeted by Mr. Joseph A. Baviello, commanding officer of the unit, who took me into the meeting room and handed me a sheet headed "Commanding Officer's Nonjudicial Punishment." It explained that as commanding officer Mr. Baviello is authorized to impose up to thirty (30) days correctional custody on a Young Marine without trial by court-martial if the culprit accepts nonjudicial punishment. "Correctional custody where Young Marines are concerned," the sheet explained, "means the Young Marine will not be able to attend any supervised Young Marine activities—swimming, hiking, parades, etc."

In the room were 19 boys of various sizes. The eldest appeared to be about fifteen, the youngest less than eight. "He's our mascot," Mr. Baviello explained. "Young Marine rules and regulations forbid us to enroll him, but he tags along just the same."

A Young Marine was sitting at an upright piano in the corner, picking out a tune with one finger: "From the halls of Montezuma. . . ."

"If you don't discipline them now," Mr. Baviello told me confidentially, "they turn into a mob."

Mr. Baviello walked to the front of the room and called the meeting to order. First item of business was the Pledge of Allegiance and singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." On one of the high notes the flag fell down. After the anthem Mr. Baviello picked up the flag. "At no time," he told the cadets, "is the flag to touch the floor."

Then came the collection of ten cents dues from each Young Marine, during which the boys stood at attention in line and advanced one step at a time (left foot first). Then Robert Washburn, the chief drill instructor, took over. Mr. Washburn, twenty-two, a Vietnam veteran, had just been discharged from the Marines.

Mr. Washburn glared at the ranks of Young Marines and told the first sergeant to take over. "OK," said the first sergeant, a large boy in a plaid shirt buttoned at the neck, "DRESS IT UP." The group extended their right arms straight ahead and their left arms to the side. They were of all heights and arm lengths, and no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't seem to space themselves evenly. The first sergeant walked around and bodily put each boy in his place.

Next came marching practice: "One, two and halt. Somebody here has three legs. You there, fall out and do five push-ups." When one boy had to fall out, Mr. Washburn came over and supervised. "Right face. I said RIGHT!" Five push-ups, after which Mr. Washburn asked the boy if he liked doing push-ups. The boy saluted limply and said, "Yes, sir!"

"You're going to learn to salute like a *Marine*," said Mr. Washburn, shaking his head.

"Yes, sir!" shouted the boy, saluting a bit more smartly. Mr. Washburn walked over to me.

"At least he said 'sir,' " whispered Mr. Washburn with a grin. "You know, I coach a Little League team, and one of my boys says 'Yes, Bob.' Not 'sir,' not 'Mr. Washburn': Bob. Now what's that kid going to be like when he's older?"

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Finally, on the command "right face," most of the squad turned left. Mr. Washburn rubbed his hands together gleefully, then motioned to the boys to join him. "On the floor! Ten push-ups!" While the boys were doing push-ups, Mr. Washburn asked them if they would ever forget which was left and which was right. Out of the chorus of "No, sirs" came one plain "No."

Mr. Washburn went down the row of prone boys, asking each in turn if he had been the one who said "No." "No, sir," each one answered.

"Well, it just so happens I know which one of you said it." One by one, deliberately, Mr. Washburn excused them. The last boy lay on the floor.

"Get up, Cassio!" The boy got up. "You were the one, weren't you?"

"No, sir," said Cassio.

"You were, come on, I heard you."

"It wasn't me, sir," said the boy. His face was quite red and the cords in his neck stood out.

"Come on with me, Cassio," Mr. Washburn ordered, and escorted the boy out of the room. The drill continued.

Several minutes later Mr. Washburn and the boy returned. Cassio climbed on the platform in the front of the room and stood at attention. Mr. Washburn addressed the group: "Cassio here is going to explain what he did wrong. What did you do wrong, Cassio?"

"I lied, sir." Looking straight over the heads of his friends.

"Why did you lie, Cassio?"

"I said the wrong thing, sir." Choking back tears.

Mr. Baviello said, "All right, sit down and relax."

Mr. Washburn said, "OK, Cassio, fall right back in now."

The Young Marines stood at attention.

"Do you like Young Marines?" Mr. Washburn shouted to the group.

"Yes, sir!" shouted the boys.

"Do you want to quit Young Marines?"

"No, sir!"

"Good. Now fall out, we're going to have a game."

Suddenly there were no more Young Marines, just a lot of kids running around. They had played this game before. They took off their shoes and put them in a pile. Then they formed two columns and raced each other to find their shoes and put them on, laces and all, and run back and tag the next guy.

Cassio's team won. The losers all had to do five push-ups.

Then the meeting was over. In front of the school sat a car that had come for several boys. Cassio slumped in the back seat, sobbing hoarsely to his friends, "It wasn't me. You know it wasn't me." The other boys nodded. "I told the truth. He made me lie. He made me lie. First they tell you to always tell the truth and then they make you lie."

THE NAVY LEAGUE of the United States calls itself "The Civilian Arm of the Navy." It runs a program for twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys called the Navy League Cadet Corps, and is joint sponsor with the Navy of the U.S. Naval Sea Cadet Corps for fourteen- to seventeen-year-olds. A total of 6300 boys in 28 states belong to the two groups.

The Navy League Cadets wear Navy uniforms and study military drill, naval history, customs and courtesy, basic seamanship, naval terms, types of ships and aircraft, ship construction, semaphore and Morse code signaling, first aid and safety. The 47 units of the corps are the Navy League's parallel to many other unaffiliated naval cadet groups.

The U.S. Naval Sea Cadet Corps is to the Navy what the Civil Air Patrol Cadets is to the Air Force, only much more so. Under Public Law 655 of September 1962, the Navy is authorized to provide a wide range of support for NSCC units. Classroom training for Naval Sea Cadets is conducted at Naval Reserve Training Centers, Naval facilities or Naval Air Reserve Training Stations. Instruction is given both by volunteer Naval Sea Cadet officers, who are civilians, and by Navy instructors, who are not.

The older boy "trains at drill and in classroom with the same texts, lesson plans and examinations as the naval reservists do." He prepares for Bureau of Naval Personnel advancement-in-rating examinations administered by Navy personnel. By passing these exams he can advance from seaman-recruit to seaman-apprentice to seaman. As a seaman-apprentice he is permitted to attend two weeks of summer training at the U.S. Navy Recruit Training Commands in Great Lakes, Illinois, San Diego, California, or Orlando, Florida. As a seaman he can go aboard Navy ships for two weeks of intensive training in "practical factors." Boys who have attained the Sea Cadet rank of seaman can enlist in the Navy as seamen in the E-3 pay grade without having to take any recruit training whatever.

The boys are, in fact, fourteen-year-old naval reservists.

Captain H. Harold Bishop, USNR, Naval Sea Cadet Corps liaison officer in the office of the chief of Naval Personnel, told me that the Navy's long-term goal for NSCC was 100,000 boys by 1987. I think he's serious.

I visited the U.S. Naval and Marine Reserve Training Center in Huntington, New York, where the USS Albert T. Harris, ship of the Navy League Cadets, and the USS Pierce Division of the U.S. Naval Sea Cadet Corps both meet. Standing in a corridor, I talked with a Mr. Di Girolamo who, although decked out in the uniform of a Sea Cadet lieutenant, confessed to having been a lowly swab in his Navy days. He explained to me that each Navy League Cadet unit calls itself by the Navy or reserve ship it has "adopted." Late in May, he said, 29 Sea Cadets had gone aboard Pierce to chip and paint, in hopes of "gaining rapport with the commanding officer." The C.O. told Mr. Di Girolamo, "We got more work out of those boys in a day than we get out of those reservists in a week."

At that point a Sea Cadet approached, saluted Mr. Di Girolamo briskly, and asked while standing stiffly at attention if he could have the keys to the storeroom, sir. The young man took the keys, about-faced, and walked away.

"The boys go for two weekend cruises each year on their adopted ship," he went on, "and they really work. Scouting groups can only visit."

The Sea Cadet returned, saluted, handed the keys to Mr. Di Girolamo, saluted, about-faced, and left. Mr. Di Girolamo looked at me and cracked a smile. I furrowed my brow. He winked.

"You know something?" he said. "Funny thing is, that kid's my nephew."

Craig Karpel is a free-lance writer. His interest in youthful militarism was stimulated by a photograph he saw in the New York Daily News, showing a drill instructor marching at the head of a group of uniformed, armed children.

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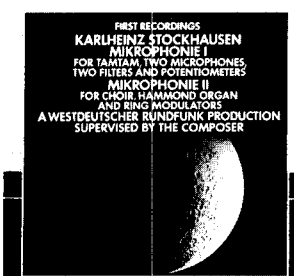

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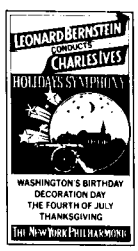

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Continued from page 10

soldiers on the first night of the invasion. The same man was told by a friend in the government that the Soviet secret police has a list of 20,000 "reformers," intellectuals and anti-Moscow types in general, and it remains to be seen what will be done with them.

Scientists in particular are rushing to leave the country in the next few days, before mass roundups begin. Four people have stopped me in restaurants or on the street to ask me for letters from abroad requesting them to travel outside the country on whatever urgent business I can invent. All are scientists, engineers or technocrat types.

An unimpeachably accurate government source says, "The Red Army will be here forever." He thinks they will be stationed on the Western frontier inside Czechoslovakia, if not closer to populated areas, but that wherever it is all power will flow from it. This government man says further, "The puppet master will pull whatever strings he chooses."

There is still a lack of any substantial organization among the populace. One main reason for this is the impossibility, during the 20 years of the Stalinist regime, of developing independent institutions outside the Party—or even within it. That is one of the tragic consequences of Stalinism. Though this may have begun to change during the brief period of the Dubcek reforms, the people are still unprepared for the formation of a base of organized resistance. For 20 years, despite rhetoric to the contrary, apathy and depoliticization were encouraged.

"What do you think we should do now?" a student asked me. I said I didn't know. He answered his own question: "Perhaps we should think about organizing ourselves."

"Do you know what that means?" I asked.

He thought for a moment. "I guess we'll find out," he said.

Andrew Kopkind is Washington correspondent for The New Statesman.

Part Two

Testament of a Prague Radical

The author of this article, Jan Kavan, is a 22-year-old student of journalism at Prague University, a correspondent for several student papers and cultural-political journals, and formerly was a member of the presidium and the Ideological Committee of the University Council of the Czechoslovak Union of Youth in Prague.

On the recent BBC program on European student radicals, which was widely shown in this country, Jan Kavan represented Czechoslovakia's "New Left," appearing along with spokesmen for the radical youth of France, Germany, Yugoslavia and England. In none of these countries has the student movement had as profound an effect on political developments as in Czechoslovakia, where years of increasing student activism finally sparked the important changes carried out in the past eight months under the new Dubcek regime.

Jan Kavan is himself a top leader of the group known simply as the "Prague Radicals" who organized most of the tumultuous student activism of the past year. Because he feels that the meaning of the events in which he has been involved has been widely misinterpreted by foreign observers—who characterize the Dubcek reforms as a move right rather than left—he has written for RAMPARTS *this account from his own perspective within the center of events: a unique personal testament to the radical imperative behind the drama of political change in which he was a protagonist.*

WHEN THE ARMIES of five socialist allies invaded my country a few weeks ago, they claimed that they were defending socialism in Czechoslovakia against threats created by the reforms which had begun in January of this year. Curiously enough, interpretations of the event in the Western press

by Jan Kavan

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have accorded with the invaders' claim. According to the prevalent Western view, we are a small, defenseless state which is being punished for its attempt to escape from socialism to Western freedom. Soviets and Americans agree that Czechoslovakia has been moving away from socialism. Yet this view is not shared at all by the Czech people.

On the contrary, the fact is that all the political and economic reforms which took place during the eight months beginning in January 1968, when Antonin Novotny was replaced by Alexander Dubcek as first secretary of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, were of a socialist nature. We wanted to create a genuinely democratic socialism, a socialist system which would fit our own conditions and aspirations. Our opposition to the regime of Antonin Novotny was from the *left*, not from the right.

To those in Russia and America who imagine that we Czechs hungered for capitalism as for the forbidden fruit, I must say frankly that such a regression does not interest us in the least. You must understand that for us capitalism does not have even the attraction of a mysterious unknown. After all, the Czechs had more than 20 years' experience with capitalism and bourgeois democracy before rejecting them in 1948. And our experience as a bourgeois state was unsatisfying indeed.

Czechoslovakia was created as an independent sovereign state after World War I, the now-ironic prototype of Wilson's thesis of "self-determination." Our First Republic was a capitalist state with well-developed civil liberties and institutions of parliamentary democracy. But these were only formal freedoms; their content was vitiated by an economic system which could not provide freedom from exploitation nor resolve the contradictions of wealth and poverty.

Under these circumstances, many segments of the population moved to oppose the system, and our Communist Party grew to be one of the strongest in Eastern and Central Europe. Only the Communist Party had warned that the Western powers were prepared to sell out our country to Hitler (as actually occurred in the Munich Agreement), and it was the Communists who led the popular resistance against the Nazis. Also, the Czech people were grateful to the Soviet Red Army for the liberation of our country from the Nazis in 1945. Thus in the elections of 1946, the Communists emerged as the strongest political party in the country; along with the left wing of the Social Democrats, they won a majority of the popular vote.

The bloodless February revolution of 1948 brought the Communist Party into power and provided an alternative to the prewar system that had permitted the Munich disaster. A socialist transformation of society was launched; private ownership of the means of production was abolished, and the power of the capitalists over political life was ended.

Unfortunately, however, while we made important gains, we also made the mistake of not creating our own Czechoslovakian socialism. Instead, we adopted the model of Stalin's Russia which at that time seemed the only possible one. We soon discovered that while capitalism was an inadequate solution to our problems, Stalinism was not the answer we were looking for. Our imperfect socialism was overcentralized, bureaucratized and not properly geared to our specific needs; it produced economic distortions and failures, such as rigidity of planning and overdevelopment of heavy industry. And to maintain control, this imperfect socialism required political distortions as well. Perhaps the ugliest manifestation of this was the political trials of the 1950's, particularly the Slansky purges of 1952 in which 11 Communists—all ministers, deputy ministers or high Party officials—were executed and hundreds of others were arrested.

These failures were covered up with lies, contradictions and the exercise of brute force. Bitterness grew and confidence in the humanistic mission of socialism waned. People lost faith in the Party, they lost faith in their friends—and they lost faith in themselves. This moral crisis was perhaps even more dangerous than the economic and political ones, since it was more profound and more difficult to overcome.

The first generation to grow up under this distorted socialism was immersed in skepticism. When we were in primary school, we read poems to "Father Stalin"; by the time we reached high school,

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he was being violently denounced. Faced with such contradictions, we found it difficult to have any confidence in the Party or in our leaders. We were not comparing our society with capitalism; we were comparing the *theory* we were taught with the *practice* we observed.

For many, the disparity produced disappointment and resignation. For others, the contradictions aroused a desire to bring about change, which finally broke through—dramatically—in the key role played by students in bringing about the recent reforms of this year. The students' success can be traced back to very modest sources, beginning five years ago when the apparent placidity of Czech youth began to show the first signs of a serious upset. The initial setting, of course, was the university.

When I came to the Journalism Faculty of the University of Prague in 1963, the only organization of young people in our country was the Czechoslovak Union of Youth (CUY), a monolithic, Party-controlled organization established in 1948 to encompass all the young people in the country. In 1963, the atmosphere had improved for those students inclined to political activism; there was a certain relaxation of press censorship and of restrictions on travel abroad; and there were moves toward rehabilitation of some of the victims of the political trials of the '50s.

But these were only half-gestures; for the students they were more tantalizing than gratifying, and they were all short-lived. Nevertheless, this period—which we called the "Sane Summer"—did stimulate a timid political awakening, a tentative intellectual ferment which was bound to disturb the moribund political tranquillity of the CUY.

At that time, however, it was still illegal to create either inner-organizational caucuses or independent political groups. Thus, small groups of students came together informally to define and express their common dissatisfaction. These groups were centered around the various university faculties (a faculty is roughly equivalent to a department in an American university) and were found to a lesser extent in the technical schools.

It did not take long for these informal groups to assume a certain political identity, and individuals associated with them began to be elected as officers of various CUY units. In early 1965, we held a majority on the CUY committees in five faculties. By the end of that year a single demand had emerged: federalism in the CUY.

Federalism meant political autonomy for various age and social groupings within the Union. In another situation this might have been an abstract and purely organizational request, but in the centralized bureaucratic system under which the CUY was operating, it was a very radical demand. And any doubt as to its political importance was dispelled in December 1965, when Jiri Müller, a prominent student spokesman, stated in a speech: "The politics of the Union cannot consist solely of vows to achieve socialism and, in this way, simply agree with the Party's political aim. The Union must express and enforce the real opinions of the young people about the method adopted by the Party to achieve its aim. If it is necessary, the Union ought to act as an opponent to the policies of the Party." This kind of talk had not been heard before in Czechoslovakia; needless to say, it did not endear Müller either to the Party or to the leadership of the CUY.

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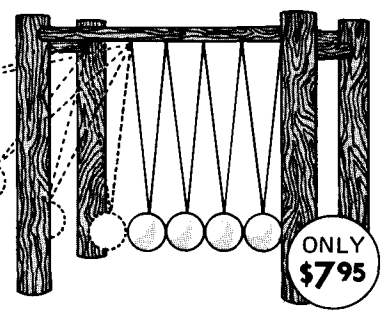

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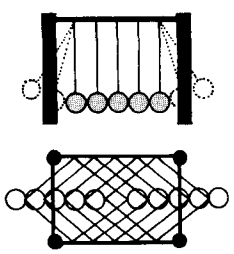
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After 1965, our campaign for federalism was aimed at the quadrennial CUY National Congress which was to be held in June 1967, and which would have the power to implement our demands. Meanwhile, opposition against us intensified as we gained strength within the CUY, and a major press campaign was launched against federalism.

In November 1966, less than one year after his speech, Jiri Müller was elected to the presidium of the University Council of the CUY in Prague, and supporters of federalism achieved a decisive majority on the 40-man council. A few weeks later, however, Müller was expelled from school and from the Union, and drafted into the Army. University authorities used the pretext of poor academic standing, but their claims were given little credence. Immediately following his expulsion, a number of his friends, including myself, organized one of the largest student campaigns to date, demanding that he be returned from the Army and reinstated.

Instead of being intimidated, the students were angered by the authorities' action; as a result, they became more receptive to what we were saying. The small group of friends who had started the campaign became widely known as the "Prague Radicals," and because Jiri's case had become so widely known, the authorities were forced to take us seriously. We were invited to big and often tumultuous plenary meetings in the faculties, where we confronted the highest CUY officials. Faced with direct questioning, their arguments sounded vacuous and stupid. Since our viewpoint was censored out of the press, we published a pamphlet of our own which was widely read, and even students outside of Prague began to get involved in the struggle.

We failed to effect Jiri's return, but support for us grew in the ensuing months. And towards the end of the school year, in May 1967, the "Prague Radicals" and others who had joined the campaign were elected to represent the students in a city-wide CUY conference in Prague.

For the first time, we came into contact with the young workers who were also members of the CUY. They outnumbered us by far, and the leaders of the CUY were determined to use this against us. Prior to the conference, the workers received a careful explanation that the students would be trying to destroy the unity of the CUY and that it would be necessary to oppose whatever they might suggest.

Happily, this attempt to set the workers against the students was entirely unsuccessful. Students and workers could not be prevented from meeting and talking during the breaks. As they exchanged opinions and experiences, the veil of distortion was lifted. The result was that the great majority of the young workers voted for all of our proposals. In addition, they elected us to the delegation representing Prague at the long-awaited Fifth National Congress of the CUY. This was the decisive Congress, where our proposals for federalism would finally be either accepted or rejected.

Our success in the city-wide conference made us optimistic. We went to the National Congress with a detailed proposal for a new structure for the entire CUY and a political program for its student branch.

But despite all our planning, the Congress was a setback. None of us was allowed to speak at the plenary sessions. Our lengthy proposals for reform were rejected by committees and never even reached the floor. On the last day's vote to elect a chairman of the new Central Committee, we were outvoted by about 650 to 150.

Even though we were not entirely unsuccessful (it was the first time in 20 years that votes at the CUY Congress had not been unanimous) all of us were terribly exhausted. Since the beginning of the year, the Party had been exerting constant pressure on us. I remember one of the highest Party officials telling us: "The Party has already made it very clear what her opinion is of Jiri Müller. Therefore either you go with him or you go with the Party. There is no other alternative."

After the strength we had shown at the National Congress despite the defeat of our program, the Party decided it had had enough of us. CUY and Party functionaries who previously had mainly delivered warnings and psychological harassment began to threaten us more directly. In August 1967, another of the "Prague Radicals," Lubomir Holecek, was expelled from his faculty and drafted into the Army, despite seriously impaired eyesight. Party disciplinary proceedings were initiated against myself and several others.

The proceedings against me were never completed, but the accusations evoked sad associations in my mind. I recalled my father's arrest in 1952, during the Slansky trials, when he was accused of being a traitor to his country. I tried to imagine how he felt when, after having fought all his life for communism in Czechoslovakia, he was sentenced in the name of Party and Country to 25 years in prison.

My father had explained to me and my brother the difference between communists and the practices of the power-hungry who only call themselves communists. He was convinced that genuine socialism was slowly developing, and that one day the Party would unmask those who were destroying its most precious resource, the trust of its members and of the people. My father was released from prison after four and a half years and rehabilitated. To the end of his life he remained a Communist.

I also believed what my father believed, and therefore I joined the Party when I was eighteen and I am still a member. But while I am committed to helping the Party create socialism in our country, I maintain that it must be done through methods that are in harmony with the will of the people. The Party must mobilize the people by the strength of its own ideas and abilities, not coerce or manipulate them.

Therefore, I could support the leading role of the Party and at the same time campaign for a youth organization which represented the true will of the young people—even though their will might oppose the Party on particular issues or methods. And I could also without contradiction criticize the monopoly the Party holds over the control of information and over decision making authority. There is no reason for our Party to fear testing its conception of socialism by taking it to the people.

There were others in Czechoslovakia who thought this way. In June 1967 (the same month as the CUY National Congress), at the explosive Fourth Congress of the Czechoslovak Union of Writers, a number of speeches were made which attacked restrictions on freedom of the press and assembly, as well as the Party's misuse of power in the name of socialism. The speech of the journalist

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Ludvik Vaculik was particularly sharp, and it achieved immense popularity all over the country. Vaculik made many of the same criticisms that the students had been making, and because no newspaper would print his speech, the students helped to reproduce and distribute it.

In September, three of the writers who had criticized the Party were expelled, and publication of the paper which they edited, *Literarni Noviny*, was banned. The Ministry of Culture then proceeded to publish its own paper—using the same name, the same presses, the same layout, and the same subscription list, but with new editors and a quite different content. People were outraged by this patent deception, and the students helped to organize a nationwide boycott against the new paper. Thus, two causes—the writers' demand for freedom to publish and the students' demand for federalism began to flow together. An active alliance had begun to form.

THERE WAS NO POINT in waiting four years for the next CUY National Congress in order to continue our campaign for federalism within the Union. Therefore we decided that when the new academic year began again in October, we would begin to create clubs where people could work together in small groups to make their influence felt.

But we had only had one month to experiment with the formation of these clubs when quite unexpectedly the now famous demonstration of October 31st completely altered the political landscape in which we were seeking our way. The trigger was an electrical power failure in the student residential quarter of Strahov which plunged 2000 students into darkness. The students were outraged because they had been negotiating for two years for electrical repairs. They rushed furiously into the street shouting, "We want light," and "We want to study." A spontaneous, nonpolitical demonstration. But in a country where all demonstrations not approved by the authorities are illegal, it inevitably had political consequences.

In the heightened atmosphere of repression which had carried over from the previous year, the nervous police acted —by Czech standards—very brutally. They did not use tear gas, as was done in Paris, or fire hoses as in Berlin, but their billy clubs caused serious injury to about 13 students.

The demonstration was composed almost entirely of students from the technical colleges who had not been as politicized as the students at the university. But the brutality of the police stirred them into action. The initiative was taken by students from the university. The "Prague Radicals" organized mass meetings and mass demonstrations of a kind which the Czech students had never seen before.

The angry students criticized not only the brutality of the police, but also the one-sided press which placed all the guilt on the students and refused to publish their version of the story. The students of various faculties sent protest resolutions to the authorities demanding (1) the names of the people responsible for the police action; (2) an apology from the minister of the Interior; (3) that every member of the police force wear an identification badge so that he could be reported in cases of brutality. Moreover, they demanded guarantees against a reoccurrence. In order to tell their side of the story, the students again published their own pamphlet, which was quickly banned by the authorities with the active assistance of the CUY, whose own publications took the anti-student side.

Because the CUY—which was supposed to represent the students—refused to defend the demonstrators, students began to leave the Union and set up their own groups. Student self-government academic committees were organized in several of the faculties. They asked for the rights to have their own organization, to have direct negotiations with the ministries, and to be represented in the national committees and the National Assembly. The CUY responded by offering a plan for federalism which was not unlike the one we had proposed only four months earlier. But the situation had changed radically. There was no point in federalization within the CUY when students had already set up their own autonomous groups outside of it. The normal heightening of political demands was accelerated because we were in a revolutionary situation.

DURING THIS PERIOD we maintained good contacts with the writers, and we were not unaware of the struggle which was going on within the Central Committee of the Communist Party against the governing group of Antonin Novotny. Opposing

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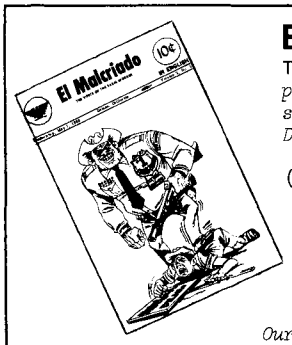

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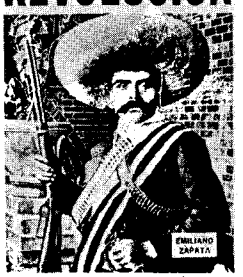

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Novotny were a group of economists who wanted immediate implementation of long-deferred economic reforms, and the Slovaks on the Central Committee who rightfully demanded for their people status as an equal nation within Czechoslovakia. All these groups were in some sense working towards Novotny's fall, which finally took place on January 5 in a meeting of the Central Committee when he was replaced by Alexander Dubcek.

To claim, as some journalists have, that the students and writers brought about Novotny's fall, would be an extreme exaggeration of our importance. But it is certain that we played the indispensible role of catalyst, setting off a reaction for which the preconditions were already present in the society, especially in its economic situation.

When he was elected as first secretary of the Central Committee, Dubcek was not a man particularly well-known in the country. The students maintained a certain wariness and mistrust of him—as we did of any leader, especially one who had always been so closely connected with the Party apparatus. We did not want to be handed a program and a leader from above again.

Nevertheless, we soon recognized the importance of Dubcek's policies and were willing to support him. What we were most afraid of was that these policies would be destroyed if Novotny managed to come back to power. And Novotny had perceived that Dubcek's support was not yet particularly strong among the workers. So he went into the factories, trying to persuade the workers that Dubcek and the reformers were just bourgeois intellectuals trying to take from the workers all the rights they had won in 1948.

When we learned of this, we decided we had to explain and defend Dubcek's policies to the workers. We spent many long hours in the factories, during which the artificial barriers between workers and intellectuals were gradually broken down. And we discovered that there was a political rapport between the students and the younger workers which went beyond the policies of Mr. Dubcek.

The workers and the students of the same generation talked a common language which Dubcek and his generation did not share. The older generation consistently compares the socialist way of doing things with the capitalist way. For us, a generation which has grown up in a socialist system, socialism is taken for granted. Rather than contrast socialism with capitalism, we tend to compare socialist *practice* to socialist *theory*. And thus our generation speaks of social and moral values— truth, justice, humanism, good relations between people—because it is these things we have felt most seriously lacking in the practice of socialism. When we went to the factories in January, we found that the familiar discussions of the role of the Party did not arouse much response among the young workers, but that when we talked about values, we communicated very well.

ANOTHER CONFIRMATION that the students and the young workers have a common viewpoint was the fact that a great number of workers voted for the "Manifesto of Prague Youth," which was approved in March by an assembly of 20,000 young people. The manifesto states:

"Socialism in our country is a reality. Answers to the question of what will our socialism be like will obviously differ. Let them. For our socialism must be really enlightened, humanitarian and democratic. The basis of democracy is full recognition of and respect for human rights and freedoms as proclaimed in the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. These rights should be implemented under a socialist system. . . .

"The implementation of these freedoms will create the kind of public life that forms a healthy backdrop to the government circles and exercises control of them. Please note, we ought to *control* them, not overthrow them. The abolition of the monopoly of power, leadership and information is an essential precondition for the thorough and consistent democratization of public life. . . .

"All rights and freedoms are necessarily related to the economic. Therefore we consider democracy in the economy to be vital. That means for the working people to play a really active part in the administration of the enterprise. . . . We attach cardinal importance to the provision of legal guarantees of democracy. No law may restrict freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution."

For us, the classic civil liberties assume the utmost importance. In a socialist society, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and freedom of association are essential if the people are to exercise any control at all. I have often been told by my friends in Western Europe that we are only fighting for bourgeois-democratic freedoms. But somehow I cannot seem to distinguish between capitalist freedoms and socialist freedoms. What I recognize are basic *human* freedoms.

The point is that in bourgeois society the "bourgeois freedoms" are in practice useless, for they cannot be translated into effective social action. In a socialist society these freedoms can be the foundation for direct democracy. The working class can play its political role only when it has freedom of speech and information, and freedom to organize. Only then can workers' control of industry be possible.

What we understand by "democratic socialism" is a system which will encourage every man in society to exercise his creative abilities and which guarantees him the opportunity to participate in decisions which affect him. This kind of democracy should not be based on a plurality of political parties, because the struggle between many political parties inevitably turns into a mere struggle for power.

We believe that a well-organized net of various interest and political clubs can act as a corrective to Party politics and are a better guarantee of socialist democracy. Such clubs can act as permanent pressure groups by politically educating their members and by exerting influence on public opinion through the free media.

Such clubs have already spread throughout the country; some of them are very popular, such as the "Club of Involved Non-Party Members" and the "Society for the Defense of Human Rights." Among other things, they provide a legal platform for non-Party members who were formerly excluded from political life.

Political activity of this type is specifically encouraged in the Action Program of the Czech Communist Party which was approved by the Central Committee in April of this year. The Action Program states: "Voluntary social organizations of the working people cannot replace political parties, but the contrary is also true: political parties in our country cannot exclude common-interest organizations of workers and other working people from directly influencing a policy, its creation and ap-

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plication. Socialist state power cannot be monopolized either by a single party or by a coalition of parties. It must be open to all political organizations of the people. The Communist Party of Czechoslovakia will use every means to develop such forms of political life as will insure the expression of the direct voice and will of the working class and all working people in political decision making in our country."

The same Action Program also states: "Socialism cannot mean only liberation of the working people from the domination of the exploiting class relations. It must make provisions for a fuller life of the personality than any bourgeois democracy. The implementation of Constitutional freedoms of assembly and association must be insured this year.... We insist on the principle that bourgeois ideology can be challenged only in open ideological struggle before all of the people."

FOR ANYONE WHO KNEW how the Communist Party operated during the Novotny regime, these statements from the Party were incredible. They were almost precisely what our tiny group of "Prague Radicals" had hoped for only in our most optimistic moments just a year earlier, and what thousands of young people had been willing to fight for in March.

The Action Program gave the young people much more confidence in Dubcek than they had had when he was first installed in power. We were anxious to see these fine words put into action, and we were eager to put them into practice ourselves. And we believed that Dubcek was sincere about the Action Program, for the principles of freedom of the press were largely implemented in March.

The popularity of Dubcek and his policies extended beyond the youth, beyond the intellectuals. The democratization process was being felt even in the small villages. The frequent polls of public opinion showed very clearly that Dubcek was becoming more and more popular among all Czechs. Even the workers, who had hesitated to commit themselves to Dubcek in January, were becoming enthusiastic. For them he had become a symbol of a true and humanitarian socialism.

Even among the most skeptical of the students there was support for Dubcek and his policies, but they didn't want to rely indefinitely on his sincerity. The students began to demand that the government give certain guarantees that all of the principles of the Action Program would indeed be implemented and that the newly-gained freedoms would not be taken away. Therefore we demanded that the reforms immediately be institutionalized in the laws and in the Constitution.

However, the natural flow of internal Czech politics was upset by the Soviet troop maneuvers in July, foreshadowing the later invasion. As the Cierna talks with the Russian *politburo* approached—where the unfortunately temporary withdrawal of the Soviet Army was arranged—the support for Dubcek increased tremendously. A letter of support was circulated by the students and more than a million people signed what was for many their first voluntary petition.

When the Czech presidium returned from Cierna in August, the people wanted an assurance that their trust and support had not been in vain. President Svoboda's speech was ambiguous and indefinite as to exactly what agreements had been made. The people had too much at stake simply to accept this vague statement, and they poured into

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the streets demanding to know the precise results of the talks. The sight of thousands of people in Oldtown Square convinced the government that it had political responsibilities to the newly-awakened people which it had never realized. The next day Dubcek went on television to explain the Cierna agreements in detail to the nation.

Following the withdrawal of Russian troops after the Cierna meeting, the people were relieved and again optimistic, especially because no new internal restrictions appeared as concessions to the Russians. We had stood firm together, and we had won. We still feared the power of the conservative element within the Party apparatus, but it seemed only a matter of time. We looked forward to the Extraordinary Party Congress, planned for September 9th. A new Central Committee would be elected, which would probably dispose of the well-known conservatives; a new and progressive Party program would be proposed and almost certainly would be accepted. The Congress was also expected to give its endorsement to the whole of Dubcek's post-January policy, and if this happened we assumed that the National Assembly would grant laws guaranteeing civil liberties as well as many other demands that we had made.

THIS IS HOW things stood on the eve of the Russian invasion.

Until the moment I learned from American television that Czechoslovakia had been invaded by five socialist armies, I believed that nothing like that could ever happen. In retrospect, the only motive the Russians could have had was that they wanted to stop the Extraordinary Party Congress which promised to put a stamp of legitimacy on what they considered to be counterrevolutionary policies. But to me, the reforms had all been steps *towards* socialism, not away from it, and the policies had been legitimate. The Russian pretext that the Warsaw Pact was in danger seemed simply absurd. Czechoslovakia had made it very clear to the Russians and to the West that it did not want to leave the Warsaw Pact. On the contrary, we have always maintained that we wished to fulfill all our treaties with our allies and that we intended to maintain equal and friendly relations with all the socialist states in the world, particularly with the Soviet Union.

The Russian invasion naturally created many anti-Russians in Czechoslovakia, which is in itself very sad, because the Russians and the Czechs have traditionally had very close ties. Perhaps even more lamentable is the fact that the invasion may have created many anti-socialists. Thus the invasion does more than delay the implementation of a humanistic socialism; it may make that implementation very difficult, if not impossible. The question now is whether the people will identify socialism with the invasion or with the resistance to it.

As a result of the eight months of reforms, the Czechoslovakian Communist Party gained the trust of the people for the second time in 20 years. If it bears this trust and this mission honorably, defends the reforms to which the people are committed and resists without compromise any incursion on them, then perhaps the people will not become anti-socialist, in spite of the tanks.

The poems by Victor Hernandez Cruz, which appeared in the August 24 issue, are from his book, SNAPS, *which will be published by Random House in January 1969.*

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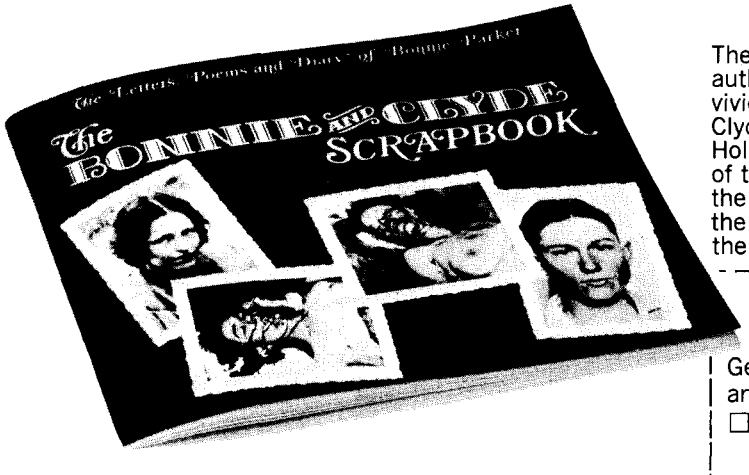

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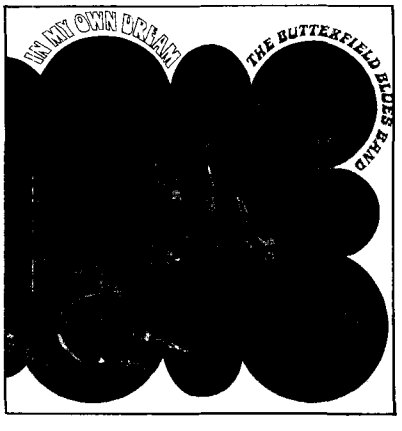

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